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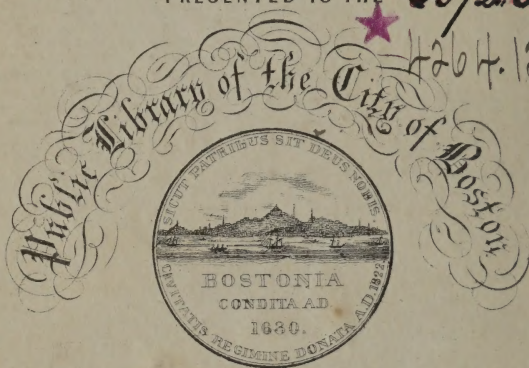
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By Walter Channing

Received April 1, 1856 No. 14427

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The Boston Mob of "Gentlemen of Property and Standing."

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING

HELD IN STACY HALL, BOSTON, ON THE

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

MOB OF OCTOBER 21, 1835.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY R. F. WALLCUT.

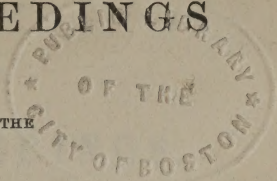
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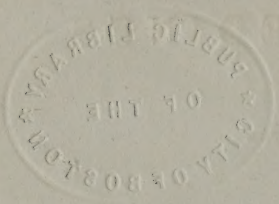
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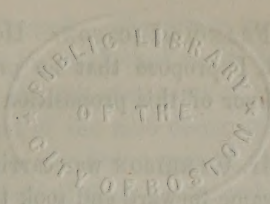
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1855.



BOSTON:
J. B. TERRINTON AND SON,
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14427



PROCEEDINGS.

IN accordance with a call issued by a Committee of Arrangements, the Anti-Slavery friends in Boston and vicinity assembled at Stacy Hall, (Codman's Block,) 46 Washington street, (the identical spot which was the scene of the ever memorable outbreak of 1835,) on Sunday, the 21st of October, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The weather was exceedingly unpropitious, but the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the ante-rooms leading thereto were crowded with eager and interested listeners. Seldom is it the privilege and blessing of any man to look upon such a concourse of noble men and devoted, self-sacrificing women; and the spectacle, with the solemn and deeply interesting proceedings of the occasion, will not, we have faith to believe, be without an abiding and beneficent influence upon the hearts of all present.

At about half-past two o'clock, the meeting was called to order by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, who said—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — It is a stormy day to-day, and it was a very stormy day twenty years ago this day. The storm of to-day is of the Lord — it is well; the storm twenty years ago was of the Adversary — it was ill. I think, if I were to take your suffrages as to the man who of all others ought to preside — to have the honor, allow me to say, to preside — on this occasion, you would all agree that it is the man who, after the Female Anti-Slavery Society was driven from this place, offered them the use of his house, at the risk of having it pulled down over his head. I al-

lude to our friend, FRANCIS JACKSON. He "still lives," and long may he live; and I propose that he preside on this occasion. Those who are in favor of this proposition will manifest it.

The motion of Mr. GARRISON was carried by a unanimous vote, and Mr. JACKSON came forward and took the Chair. He said—

FRIENDS, — I am glad to meet you at the old homestead. It was here that one of the mile-stones of the Anti-Slavery movement was erected, and a very important one it is. It marks the progress of the Anti-Slavery movement; it also marks a most disgraceful spot in the history of Boston.

Twenty years ago this day, I ascended these flights of stairs amidst riotous men, who came to break up an Anti-Slavery meeting, and insult the ladies who held it. That most disgraceful mob effected its object, with the assistance of the Mayor of the city, and the Anti-Slavery ladies were compelled to leave their own Hall, and pass out through a long lane of ruffians dressed in broad-cloth; and they were reviled and insulted as they passed along.

After this gallant achievement of the mob of "gentlemen of property and standing," they made an onset upon the sign-board of the Anti-Slavery office, and soon tore it down, and threw it upon the pavements. The mob roared and stamped upon it like wild beasts, and soon broke it in pieces.

The most prominent person who was engaged in tearing down the sign was a well-known merchant, who then kept a store on Central Wharf.

I had some words with several persons well known to me, relative to the disgraceful transactions going on before us. I expressed to them my abhorrence of such outrageous conduct; but I was met by a shake of the head. They said that the Abolitionists had outraged public opinion long enough; they did not approve of mobs; but then, the Abolitionists deserved to be rebuked.

The principal triumphs of the mob were the breaking up of the Anti-Slavery meeting and the dispersion of the ladies; the destruction of the sign-board, and the capture of the Editor of *The Liberator*. No ropes were used about the ladies or the sign-board. Not so with friend GARRISON; he was too dangerous a man

to go unroped or unimprisoned. The prison was thought to be the fittest place for him, and he was locked up in Leverett street jail. He will, however, make his own statement of what befel him.

The outrageous conduct of the mob being upheld by public sentiment, the shopkeepers in the lower part of the building became much alarmed for the safety of their goods, and were very desirous to have the Anti-Slavery office removed from the building. The Society was in debt, their office rent was over due, and they feared they might be ejected by their landlord, as summarily as the ladies were by the mob. They therefore mustered gold enough to make a legal tender for their over due rent, and thus put themselves legally, as they always had been morally, right.

I will not, however, occupy your time with these small details. There are other friends present who will interest you more than I can. I see many of the members of the Female Anti-Slavery Society here, and I should be glad to hear from them, as I saw how they were insulted that day. I would therefore invite them to speak, if it is only a few words; it would be very gratifying to hear from them.

Mr. GARRISON — The President of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, Miss MARY PARKER, has long since gone to her heavenly home. She it was who prayed, while the mobocrats in the hall were cheering and threatening violence,—she it was who prayed, in a clear and unfaltering voice, thanking God, that while there were many to molest, there were none that could make afraid. One of the Vice Presidents of the Society, Mrs. THANKFUL SOUTHWICK, one of the earliest and most faithful friends we have had in the cause, is present with us, and I hope she will take a seat on the platform.

Mrs. SOUTHWICK rose, and said, with deep emotion, — “My mind has been so much affected by looking around, and seeing how few are left, that I would rather not. This is to me a very solemn and affecting occasion, to meet the few who yet remain with us.”

At the earnest request of several friends, however, Mrs. SOUTHWICK consented to come forward and take a seat on the platform; as did also Miss HENRIETTA SARGENT, another long-tried and most devoted friend of the slave.

The following appropriate passages of Scripture were then read by Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr. :—

[SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.]

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say ; if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us ; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us : then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers : the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard ; which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For thou, O God, hast proved us : thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads : we went through fire and through water ; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous : but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones : not one of them is broken. Evil shall slay the wicked ; and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants ; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee : for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them ; he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence.

Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which frameth mischief by a law ? They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood. But the Lord is my defence ; and my God is the rock of my refuge ; and he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble : therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ; though the waters thereof roar, and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God, which executeth judgment for the oppressed, and giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners ; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind ; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down : he relieveth the fatherless and the widow ; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

A fervent prayer was then offered by Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE ; after which, the following lines, by JOHN GREENLEAF

WHITTIER, were read by Mr. GARRISON, and a portion of them sung by the audience: —

THE AWAKENING.

Now, joy and thanks forevermore !

The dreary night has well nigh passed ;
The slumbers of the North are o'er,
The giant stands erect at last !

More than we hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold, gray pathway of the morn !

Oh, weary hours ! oh, night of years !
What storms our darkling pathway swept,
Where, beating back our thronging fears,
By faith alone our march we kept !

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain !

They died, — their brave hearts breaking slow,
But, self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle-glow,
Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host on either hand
Stood waiting for the dawn of day,
To crush like reeds our feeble band : —
The morn has come — and, where are they ?

Troop after troop its line forsakes,
With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
Of "Freedom and Fraternity !"

Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away :
Hurrah ! — our foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day !

As, unto these repentant ones,
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs
Of song and praise and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset ! blast on blast !
 Till Slavery's minions cower and quail !
 One charge of fire shall drive them fast,
 Like chaff before our Northern gale !

Oh, prisoners in your house of pain, —
 Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold !
 Look, stretched in Southern vale and plain,
 The Lord's delivering hand behold !

Above the traitor's pride of power,
 His iron gates and guarded wall,
 The bolts which shattered Shinah's tower
 Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall !

Awake ! awake ! my Father-land,
 It is thy Northern light that shines !
 This stirring march of Freedom's band,
 The storm-song of thy mountain pines !

Wake, dwellers where the day expires !
 Your winds that stir the mighty lake,
 And fan your prairies' roaring fires,
 They're Freedom's signals ! — wake ! — awake !

Mr. GARRISON then addressed the audience as follows : —

Speech of William Lloyd Garrison.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I know of no language more appropriate to this occasion than that which was uttered by the Apostle eighteen centuries ago — “Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day.”

I need not say to any one in this Hall, this afternoon, what it is that has brought us together. Twenty years ago, to-day, this street was crowded with men inflamed to the highest degree of madness, who riotously attempted to break up a meeting of Anti-Slavery women, assembled within these walls for the purpose of looking to God for strength to overthrow slavery in our land. The sequel you all know. Many of you know all the particulars connected with it.

Before alluding to those particulars, it may be well to go behind them, — for the event which we are here to commemorate did not spring up out of the ground, or fall like hail from a clear sky.

There had been a cause for it at work, actively, unceasingly, by day and night, for a number of years; and in tracing it, we shall be able more clearly to perceive upon whom rests the responsibility for the mobocratic violence which raged at that period like an epidemic, and which brought eternal shame upon the city of Boston.

Let me begin, Mr. Chairman, at the beginning, — with the enunciation of that simple doctrine, which has shaken this nation like an earthquake, and in which were wrapt up all the outrage and violence, the persecution and ostracism, which have taken place during the last twenty years, — the necessary consequences of its application to the consciences and the hearts of a pro-slavery people. Sir, we should have had no trouble in this land — no household divisions — no friends turned into enemies — no mobocratic outbreaks — if we had not demanded one thing, if we had not made use of one shibboleth. If we had spoken of slavery as an evil, a calamity, a curse to be overthrown at some indefinite period, we might have spoken in Carolina as easily as in Massachusetts; we might every where have been recognized as good neighbors, excellent citizens, and sound Christians. But the moment the doctrine of immediate, unconditional, everlasting emancipation was enunciated, it was as the voice of God sounding in the ear of this nation, calling upon it at once to repent, to “break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free;” — it was the affirmation of the truth, that under no circumstances could slavery be right for a single moment; that the slave was a man, and, being a man, God made him for freedom; and that there could be no delay in regard to his deliverance, without a compromise of justice. It was the assertion that the black man had a right to be educated here, to be protected by equal laws, to develop all his faculties and powers, and to take his position side by side with his proud, haughty and oppressive white brother. The nation could not endure a proclamation of this kind. It was the touchstone whereby all men were proved. It showed who loved liberty as a vital principle, and who held it merely as a sentiment, a matter of expediency, to be repudiated or sustained as occasion might require.

As soon as this doctrine was enunciated, the Slave Power took cognizance of it. It knew that it was “the beginning of the end.”

It knew that if the Abolitionists could not be put down at that time, there was no hope of ever putting them down, and that its horrible slave system must be destroyed. Hence, throughout the entire South, the greatest consternation prevailed. The slaveholders, banding themselves together, began to offer rewards for the seizure of prominent Abolitionists. Threats of personal violence were multiplied on the right hand and on the left. Every mail brought letters to me, declaring that I had only so many days to live — that conspiracies had been formed for the purpose of having me abducted — &c., &c. Sometimes I received representations on sheets of paper, showing me up as tarred and feathered, or hung by the neck, or stabbed to the heart, because of my sympathy for the oppressed.

The North did not so instantaneously participate in this feeling of alarm as the South. It was not until the Colonization conspiracy was unmasked, that the North began to heave with indignation and fury, as the South had done in regard to the declaration, that slavery ought to be immediately and forever abolished. One principle unmasked the South, the other the North; for at the North, the Colonization scheme hypocritically assumed to be somewhat Anti-Slavery, and the people were told, — some were led to believe, — that, by helping the scheme, they would help abolish slavery in our land, put a stop to the foreign slave trade, and civilize and evangelize Africa. A large majority of the people, however, being infected by the hateful spirit of colorphobia, naturally rallied around that scheme; caring little or nothing for its humane and pious pretences, — caring to know but one thing about it, namely, that its object was “to get rid of the niggers” — to use our refined and Christian dialect towards that injured class. They wished them well, hoped they would thrive well — *in Africa*; but they could not and would not live peaceably with them on the American soil. With opposition to this proscriptive crusade began the most envenomed hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause. The mobocratic spirit ran like wild-fire, North and South. It was impossible to hold Anti-Slavery meetings any where, without danger of personal outrage, often at the peril of life. Men calling themselves respectable, and so esteemed, — occupying high and responsible stations, and reputedly intelligent, virtuous and patriotic, —

were carried away by "the madness of the hour" — which indeed has proved to be not merely the madness of the hour, but of days, and months, and years.

In this state of things, every attempt to elevate the colored man in this country was assailed in the most rabid manner. When, for instance, Miss PRUDENCE CRANDALL, a noble Christian lady in Canterbury, Conn., who had been teaching a school of white young ladies in that village, — feeling her soul baptized into the spirit of deepest sympathy with the oppressed, — made up her mind that she would educate colored young ladies, instead of white, all Canterbury, the region round about, the whole State of Connecticut, combined to crush her. She was denounced by every hateful epithet; though up to that hour, she had been greatly esteemed and admired as a teacher. Among other outrages committed to drive her from the place, the well near her house had a large quantity of filth thrown into it, so that the family should have no water to drink. An agreement was made by the traders of the village, that they would not sell her any thing, even to eat; and she actually had to send to other towns to procure food to keep her family from starvation. Her house was assailed, and brickbats, rotten eggs, and other missiles, were dashed through her windows; and, finally, it was set on fire, to burn it down over the heads of the teacher and the taught!

At that eventful period, in the spring of 1833, I was induced to undertake a mission to England, at the request of my Anti-Slavery coadjutors, (a small band indeed,) partly to undeceive WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON, and other eminent philanthropists in that country, in regard to the real character, design and tendency of the American Colonization Society; and partly to solicit aid to establish a Manual Labor School in New England for the education of colored youth. In order to frustrate this mission, several leading men of Canterbury got out a writ against me, on the charge of libel, in consequence of certain strictures in *The Liberator*, concerning their infamous treatment of Miss CRANDALL. Prior to sailing from New York, I was watched and hunted, day after day, in that city, in order that the writ might be served upon me; but my old friend, ARTHUR TAPPAN, took me up into an upper chamber in the house of a friend, where I was safely kept, under lock and key, until the vessel sailed which conveyed me to England.

Another manifestation of the Colonization spirit was made, not long afterwards, in the town of Canaan, New Hampshire, when an effort was made to establish a school in that place, for the purpose of educating colored children. Though the name of the town was Canaan, it was any thing but the land of Canaan to those who went there to be taught. A mobocratic demonstration was soon witnessed, to break up the school. At last, a team of one hundred yoke of oxen, being hitched by a chain to the school-house, it was dragged off into a swamp! The school was driven from the town.

This was the spirit of Colonization, — a spirit which prepared the way for every outrage that followed.

On my return from England, in 1833, the first mob — the parent mob, I will call it — of the many that afterwards took place, was that witnessed in the city of New York. The Colonization journals had industriously circulated the lying accusation against me, that I had gone to England for the purpose of slandering and dishonoring my native land, — that I was in league with British Tories, conspiring for the overthrow of this republic! It happened, on my arrival in the harbor of New York, that a meeting had been called by the Abolitionists of that city, to form an Anti-Slavery Society. They were to meet in Clinton Hall. But as soon as it was announced that I had arrived, placards were immediately put up all over the city, announcing that the “infamous libeller of his country, the notorious GARRISON,” would be at Clinton Hall that evening, and summoning all the friends of the Union to be present. The appeal was promptly responded to. A mob of five or six thousand assembled, and took possession of the Hall, rendering it impossible to hold a meeting there; but the Abolitionists quietly withdrew to Chatham Street Chapel, and succeeded in organizing a City Anti-Slavery Society, before they were discovered.

Mr. Chairman, I think what did more than any one thing else to fill this land with madness, was the arrival of our noble friend and coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON, of England, in the fall of 1834. He came over here at my earnest solicitation when abroad, and in compliance with the desire of the friends of the cause on this side of the Atlantic. I had known what he had done in England for the abolition of slavery in the British West Islands. He was the most eloquent man to whom I had ever listened. Moreover, I

found him to be a man world-wide in his spirit, principles and feelings, with nothing *English* in his composition, in a narrow sense. This was indicated in the answer he made to those who taunted him with being a foreigner, that he was not consulted in regard to the place of his birth; but if he had been, he might have preferred Boston instead of Liverpool, to be the city of his nativity! I felt assured, therefore, if he should come over to us, gifted with such powers of argument and persuasion, and master of his subject, he would do the Anti-Slavery cause immense service; but I did not dream that his life would be put in jeopardy, and he compelled to flee as the only means of preserving it.

As soon as he came, however, the cry was raised that he was a British incendiary; that his pockets were filled with British gold; and that it was the design of the Aristocracy of England to upset this "glorious Union" of ours! Designing political demagogues and unprincipled public journalists filled the air with these foul accusations, and they fell upon ears accustomed to take every thing from such sources for granted. When, therefore, the spirit of American "patriotism" was invoked to put down this dangerous "foreign emissary," GEORGE THOMPSON was treated as though he were a wild beast. It is overwhelmingly affecting to go back, and recall what he was obliged to pass through; while it is consolatory to know, that his courage never faltered, and that his Christian heroism was equal to every emergency. Let me read you some extracts from the papers of that day. There was the *New York Journal of Commerce*, as malignant then as now, — more malignant, if that were possible, but I do not know that there can be any going beyond, where every thing is absolute and perfect. Then there were the *New York Commercial Advertiser* and the *Courier and Enquirer*, daily belching forth their denunciations of the Abolitionists, and representing them to be the vilest of the vile.

Let me give you an extract from the *Courier and Enquirer* of that day, and then you may determine whether it was strange that riotous pro-slavery outbreaks followed: —

"It is time now for this subject to be taken in hand seriously. The movements of the immediate Abolitionists involve not merely the welfare of our country, but the very existence of her institutions; and every citizen from Maine to Missis-

issippi, who has not already made up his mind to a willingness to see our confederacy dissolved, our whole frame of Government broken up, and an experiment made to better it amidst the confusion, misery and bloodshed of a revolution, is bound to grapple at once with the *seditions fanaticism* now abroad. It has become the duty of all classes and all parties — of the hall of legislation — of the press — of the pulpit, and of every good citizen within his own particular sphere of influence, to assist in putting down this TREASON that is stalking through our borders.

"These dangerous men must be met. THEY AGITATE A QUESTION THAT MUST NOT BE TAMPERED WITH. They are plotting the destruction of our Government, and they must not be allowed to screen themselves from the enormity of their guilt, under canting pretences, or even under the delusions, in many instances, perhaps, of their own wretched infatuation. The integrity of this Government, and the general happiness of this great people, are of too much worth to be jeopardized to the caprices of a mad fanaticism; whether urged into career by wickedness or by folly. We do not stop to inquire whether the incendiary is about to set our house on fire from motives of ill-will, or under the impulses of a disordered intellect — we snatch the brand from him, whatever may be the impulse which is driving him to the deed. The freedom of which we boast so much — justly boast so much — is hardly broad enough to protect TREASON. Our liberty is not exactly the liberty of pulling down our liberties, and it is a false charity that would cherish the TRAITOR who aims at the act — no matter under what pretext, and no matter of what delusion he may possibly be the victim himself.

"Full well does every individual know, that to liberate the slave would be to hoist the signal of death to the white population — that it would be unfurling the bloody banner of murder, rapine and devastation to his household! Who would not die with arms in his hands, rather than subject himself, and those who are dearer to him than life, to such a calamity? Such will be the result, if the people of these Northern States should ever be insane enough to meddle with this fearful subject!

"And now, we ask the citizens of the United States if they are prepared to bring such a catastrophe upon the country, to gratify the visionary projects of a band of canting, drivelling fanatics, one half of them blowing this blast of death and desolation to the people of a whole section of the Union, for the sake of notoriety, and the other the mere victims of a senseless infatuation? Are they willing, by giving countenance and currency to such men as Tappan and Lloyd Garrison, to put in jeopardy the fair fabric of our liberty — the last and the only hope of civil freedom on earth?"

Again — from the same paper: —

"No man not blind to future consequences, to all former examples, and to all the lessons of past experience, can hesitate a moment in foreseeing that the triumph of the Abolitionists is a thousand times more likely to be consummated by the extermination of the masters, their wives and their children, than by the freedom and consequent happiness of the slaves.

"As the enemies, then, of social order, of the rights of property, of the lives of

hundreds of thousands of our brethren of the race of white men, their wives and their children, and as the vilifiers and sappers of our social institutions, laws and Constitution, we say, therefore, that the preachers and expounders of such doctrines are justly amenable to the laws of the land, as common and notorious disturbers of the public peace, enemies to the rights of property, and traitors to the country!

"What renders the conduct of these *instigators of treason, robbery and massacre* still more outrageous and indefensible, is the fact of their having imported more than one organ of mischief from England, to assist in sowing the live coals of ruin and desolation over a large portion of this prosperous land. Not content with the agency of the wretched libeller of his country, the exclusive '*friend of all the human race*,' they have associated in their righteous race an imported incendiary, 'who left his country for his country's good.' That this apostle of the old pussy cats of Glasgow, this tool of Tappanism, has hitherto escaped the Bridewell, transportation, or some other species of modern martyrdom, is a proof either that our laws are defective, our magistrates neglectful, or our people the best natured in the world.

"We hope and trust that his next attempt in this city will end in a transfer to the Penitentiary, as a common disturber and enemy to society, and would earnestly recommend to the superintendent of that institution a solitary probation, lest he might corrupt the morals of his pupils."

The following was the inflammatory language of the *Boston Mercantile Journal*: —

"The conduct of the Abolitionists tends directly to the disturbance of the public peace. The present excited state of the community shows that *public opinion* is decidedly opposed to the measures which are adopted by the Abolitionists. We have already evidence from almost every part of New England, sufficient to prove that a meeting of the Abolitionists *is but the signal for the assemblage of a mob*. This being the case, it becomes the *duty* of those, in whose hands the public authorities of a city or town are vested, *to prevent such meetings by the strong arm of the law*. (!!!)

"If the magistrates have not the power to forbid and prevent assemblages of bodies of men or women of a nature, which, according to all human probability, will lead directly to a disturbance of the public peace—and perhaps to the commission of atrocities, at which humanity would blush — *the laws of our country are indeed imperfect, and should be amended with all possible despatch*. If the magistrates have that power, *and we cannot doubt that they have it*, they ought to exercise it to prevent the assemblage of such meetings, and thus save the community from the disgrace of witnessing the acts of men, who, the victims of a morbid excitement, rashly assume the functions of the judge and the executioner.

"We admit unhesitatingly, that the proceedings of Garrison and Thompson, and those who act with them, cannot be justified either upon the score of *principle* or expediency. We presume that every liberal-minded man, who is not laboring under a *hopeless delusion* on this subject, whether he be what is termed an Abolitionist or a Colonizationist, will condemn their conduct *in toto*. Their *delirious*

and impotent efforts to irritate the great mass of the people, under a *pretence* that they wish to convince them of their errors in relation to the subject of slavery, deserve the *most severe reprobation*. *We have no sympathies for them*. And we cannot help entertaining an opinion that the authorities of this city, and of towns in various parts of Massachusetts, have been *neglectful of their duties* in not *arresting these disturbers of the public peace*, these *manufacturers of brawls and riots*, and causing them to give *security in a large amount for their future good behavior*. Such a measure, we believe, is what *justice* requires, and what the *laws* would sanction."

Here is a specimen of the spirit displayed by the *Boston Centinel* at that time:—

"As to Thompson, the foreign vagrant, who has attempted with impudent zeal to create excitement, he has been hooted from every place where he has recently attempted to hold forth. He has been completely silenced in this city and vicinity, and the last accounts we have of him are from Concord, New Hampshire, from which place he was scouted by the good sense of the people, and it is said that he was compelled to flee to the woods for safety. In short, such is the prevailing sentiment against him, that he will never be allowed to address another meeting in this country. There is no mistake on this subject, and we speak of it as a matter of fact, of general notoriety. He has been completely silenced, and he will doubtless soon find it most expedient to return to his own country, and give an account of his mission to the silly women who squandered their money for his support."

Here is an extract from the *Boston Courier*, which still maintains its satanic malignity:—

'GEORGE THOMPSON. This scoundrel proposes to lecture some of the women of our city this afternoon, at Julien Hall. The vagabond would have made no addresses, nor delivered lectures in any of our cities, if he had not found encouragement from our own citizens. The poor devil must live, and to get bread he must fulfill his covenant. His supporters have no such apology for their conduct. The caution, we have said, we think superfluous. Persons of both sexes will doubtless be at Julien Hall, but what ladies would encourage, even by their countenance, the continuance of lectures, debates and addresses adapted, if not intended, to interrupt and eventually to destroy the union of these States, and to lead more directly to scenes of lawless violence, by exciting a state of feeling which may not be so easily subdued as provoked?'"

The *Commercial Gazette* continued daily to publish articles like the following:—

"It is certainly very remarkable, that Mr. Thompson should dare to browbeat public opinion in this way. It is in vain that we hold meetings in Faneuil Hall,

and call into action the eloquence and patriotism of our most talented citizens, if Thompson and Garrison and their vile associates in this city are to be permitted to hold their meetings in the broad face of day, and to continue their denunciations against the planters of the South. They must be put down, if we would preserve our consistency. The evil is one of the greatest magnitude — and the opinion prevails very generally, that if there is no law that will reach it, it must be reached in some other way.” * * * * *

“Why does Mr. Thompson thus brave public opinion? Why does he persist in agitating the abolition question, in irritating the feelings of our citizens, and driving them to acts of lawless violence? He may raise a storm which will be terrible in its consequences, if he attempts to deliver an address in this city on Wednesday afternoon: we are sure that he will meet with a resistance that neither he nor his friends will be able to withstand. There is a feeling awake that cannot be mistaken. This resistance will not come from a rabble, but from *men of property and standing*, who have a large interest at stake in this community, and who are determined, let the consequences be what they may, to put a stop to the impudent, bullying conduct of the foreign vagrant, Thompson, and his associates in mischief.” * * * * *

“The Anti-Slavery Society hold one of their incendiary meetings this morning at Julien Hall. The mischievous Garrison will deliver an Oration on the occasion, to the ‘black and white’ spirits of the city. If the orator and his hearers could all be thrown overboard this morning, as was the tea in the days of the revolution, every true friend to the Union of the States would have cause to rejoice most heartily. A cold bath would do them good.” * * * * *

“If the Anti-Slavery fanatics persist in holding public meetings in this city, to discuss the subject of slavery, who will be answerable for the consequences? If there is no law that can reach these common disturbers of the public peace, they must be reached and put down in some other way, or they will destroy the Union of the States.”

Imagine language like this put forth authoritatively on the part of some of the most influential journals of the day, and what the effect must have been upon the combustible materials then getting into a state of wild conflagration!

Next, appeals were made to Northern cupidity; and our merchants and manufacturers were told by Southern slaveholders, that if this agitation were allowed to go on, it would break up all intercourse with the South; and a staggering blow would thus be given to Northern commerce and manufactures. This was “the pocket argument,” and it had more effect in Boston than in any other place.

Appeals were made, also, to the religious prejudices of the people. The Abolitionists were represented as those not inclined to

give heed to the teachings of the Bible; who boldly affirmed that it was an Anti-Slavery volume; and that God, in the Bible, was on the side of the oppressed, and against the oppressor. The idea, that slaveholding under all circumstances is a sin against God, was treated as a pestilent heresy; and every effort was made to prejudice us in the minds of religious people.

Appeals were made, also, to the hateful spirit of colorphobia. We were represented as intent upon amalgamation, and it was said that all we cared for was to get black wives or black husbands, as the case might be; whereas, it was evident that God had made the colored race to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" here, and that the only way for them to rise in the scale of being was to get as far off from us as Africa.

The next device was to excite alarm for the safety of the Union. I am deeply impressed, as I look over the records of that period, to mark how early the slaveholding spirit recognized the fact, that Anti-Slavery was necessarily and inevitably Anti-Union. From the very first hour I stood forth to plead for the slave, it was universally declared that the result of the agitation would be the overthrow of this Union. I did not believe it then; I do believe it now, and rejoice in the fact, because it is a Union cemented with the blood of millions in bondage, and therefore accursed of Heaven. The sooner it is dissolved, the better. But I did not so understand it at that time. The Slave Power, however, well understood it; for it is unmatched for sagacity, vigilance and discernment. It is never misled; it never mistakes; it is always sure. If you wish to know what you ought to do to put it down, just see what it is that gives it the greatest alarm.

In Philadelphia, in the summer of 1835, a mob sacked some thirty houses occupied by the colored inhabitants, many of whom were driven out into the woods like wild beasts, to hide themselves from the fury of their merciless assailants. At an earlier day, the colored citizens of New York were treated in a similar manner.

At that time, too, the slaveholders were busily engaged in rifling the United States mail of every letter, paper and pamphlet that savored of abolitionism. These were taken out, and made a bonfire of, as at Charleston, S. C., in the presence of the clergy, and

the leading citizens. The *Charleston Courier* gave the following account of this transaction : —

“ATTACK ON THE POST OFFICE. The recent abuse of the U. S. mail to the purpose of disseminating the vile and criminal incendiarism of northern fanatics, has caused a great and general excitement in our community, and led, on Wednesday night, as may have been expected, to an attack on the Post Office, which, although perhaps not to be justified, had much to excuse it, in the cause of provocation.

“Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, that night, a number of persons assembled about the Exchange, and without any noise or disturbance, but on the contrary, with coolness and deliberation, made a forcible entry into the Post Office, by wrenching open one of its windows, and carried off the packages containing the incendiary matter.

“According to full notice published, the pamphlets, &c., were burned at 8 P. M. the next evening, opposite the main guard-house, 3000 persons being present. The effigies of Arthur Tappan, Dr. Cox, and W. L. Garrison, were at the same time suspended. At 9 o'clock, the balloon was let off, and the effigies were consumed by the neck, with the offensive documents at their feet.”

This lawless procedure was virtually justified by the Postmaster General, AMOS KENDALL, in a long and elaborate paper, as a measure of self-preservation against the designs of Northern incendiaries ! This was his view of it, in which the press of the country seemed generally to acquiesce : —

“There is reason to doubt, whether the Abolitionists have a right to make use of the mails of the United States to convey their publications into States where their circulation is forbidden by law ; and it is by no means certain that the mail-carriers and postmasters are secure from the penalties of that law, if they knowingly carry, distribute or hand them out. Every citizen may use the mail for any lawful purpose. The Abolitionists may have a legal right to its use for distributing their papers in New York, where it is lawful to distribute them ; but it does not follow that they have a legal right to that privilege for such a purpose in Louisiana and Georgia, where it is unlawful. As well may the counterfeiter and the robber demand the use of the mails for consummating their crimes, and complain of a violation of their rights when it is denied. (!!!)

“Upon these grounds, a postmaster may well hesitate to be the agent of the Abolitionists in sending their incendiary publications into States where their circulation is prohibited by law, and much more may postmasters residing in those States refuse to distribute them.”

An application was made to the city authorities for the use of Faneuil Hall for an Anti-Slavery Convention, but it was unani-

mously rejected. The *Commercial Gazette* thereupon raised the following note of exultation : —

“The refusal of the authorities of this city to suffer the advocates of abolition and disunion to desecrate Faneuil Hall with the display of their riotings and excess, has elicited the applause and admiration of that portion of our fellow-citizens of other States, who are opposed to disunion, and are not disposed to yield the rights of American citizens to an army of Jim Crows and their white associates. As an evidence of the spirit of the press, indicative as it is of the remains of decency and propriety, we copy the following paragraphs : —

[From the New York Times.]

“‘The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston have unanimously refused the abolition lecturers admission into Faneuil Hall. Well and bravely done! The old temple of liberty must not be desecrated by admitting within its walls the mad fanatics, who, if unchecked, will trample our freedom into the dust.’

[From the New York Courier and Enquirer.]

“‘*The Abolitionists refused admission to Faneuil Hall.* It is gratifying to see, as we do by the Boston papers, that these wretched plotters of mischief have been promptly refused admission into Faneuil Hall. A petition for liberty to desecrate that honored edifice by a meeting of the immediate emancipationists, signed by the leading spirits of that most miserable of the disorganizing factions of the day, was presented to the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, and that body, with a feeling and spirit that do it signal honor, refused unanimously to grant the incendiary request.

“‘What! the cradle of liberty in little more than half a century to become its coffin? The place where the Adamses and Otises have so often uttered in burning eloquence the matchless value of our institutions, to echo with the raven croakings of such creatures as Garrison, the mad imbecilities of Stow, the flatulent dogmatisms of the fanatic from Kentucky, [James G. Birney,] and the theatrical contortions of the mouthing and noisy driveller acting as the stipendiary of the Glasgow sempstresses?

“‘We rejoice that the Municipal Government of Boston has thus stepped between the venerable building so long devoted to a pure patriotism, and the fanatical banditti that would pollute it. To have suffered such an assemblage within its walls would have taken from it half the venerated sacredness of the place. It would have levelled the proudest monument of New England’s history; for Faneuil Hall would have lost all the charms of its glorious reminiscences by such a contamination. Heaven grant that the day may be extended far, very far into future time, when *that* building shall be dishonored by the presence of traitors, whether of native growth, or brought here from foreign countries, to sever the bonds of this Union.’”

By a singular coincidence, an Anti-Slavery Convention was held on this very day, twenty years ago, in Utica, N. Y., for the purpose of forming a State Anti-Slavery Society. That Conven-

tion had been looked for with great anxiety and alarm on the part of the South, and it was declared that, cost what it might, the meeting must be broken up. Accordingly, a mob assembled in great force, to prevent the contemplated organization; but they were foiled in their purpose. After the formation of the State Society, however, it was deemed advisable to adjourn the meeting, at the invitation of GERRIT SMITH, (who nobly took that occasion to join the Anti-Slavery ranks,) to Peterboro', the place of his residence, where they completed their business.

Singularly enough, too, on the very same day, a mob endeavored to break up an Anti-Slavery Convention which was held at Montpelier, Vermont, and was to have been addressed by our beloved friend, SAMUEL J. MAY.

Indeed, in every direction, the advocates of the slave were the objects of popular fury.

Before the meeting was held which we are here to celebrate, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society engaged the New Jerusalem Church, (now called Cochituate Hall,) for the purpose of holding a meeting; but the mob spirit was so rife, that the trustees backed out, and declared that the Society should not have the church, unless twenty thousand dollars were deposited in the bank, as security against any damage done to their property. Julien Hall was next secured by the Society; but just on the eve of holding the meeting, the lessee receded from his engagement, afraid of a mob, — for a mob was threatened. It happened that Rev. HENRY WARE, Jr., officiated on the previous Sunday in the pulpit of Rev. Dr. CHANNING, and he innocently read the notice of the contemplated meeting of the Society in Julien Hall, which act created a great commotion in that parish, and brought down vials of wrath upon his head from all the leading Boston presses.

As another proof of the malignant state of the public mind at that time, I recollect seeing, a few days before the attack, one of our independent military companies marching through Washington street, with a target to be shot at, on which was painted an image intended for GEORGE THOMPSON, and also the figure of a colored woman, in close proximity. This was an attempt to excite all that was murderous in the city. It was saying, in effect — "GEORGE THOMPSON deserves to be shot. We shall shoot at his effigy to-day. Make sure of him, if you can, to-morrow."

What also served greatly to inflame the public mind against Mr. THOMPSON was an atrocious accusation brought against him by a Southern student at Andover, named KAUFFMAN, who falsely declared that Mr. THOMPSON had said, in one of his addresses at Andover, that the slaves ought to be stimulated to CUT THEIR MASTERS' THROATS. Imagine the effect of such a charge as this upon the public mind, already exasperated almost to madness! It was like fire applied to gunpowder. The whole community was in an inflammable state, and here was the torch to start the conflagration.

I believe all the Boston presses, — with one exception religiously, and one exception politically, — were animated by a violent pro-slavery spirit. The exception politically is a singular one to name at this day. You could hardly guess what paper it was; you could not guess who the editor was. I will tell you. The paper was the *Boston Daily Advocate*, edited by BENJAMIN F. HALLETT! Mr. Hallett, at that time, was our magnanimous defender, and ready on all occasions to risk his own safety in vindicating our right to be heard, though he had a mighty opposition to stem in regard to his anti-masonic principles. Then he showed himself every inch a man; now, every inch of manhood appears to have gone from him. The exception religiously was the *New England Spectator*, edited by Rev. WILLIAM S. PORTER, and it did us good service.

Allow me to read you some extracts from the Boston newspapers of that period. I will read first from the *Christian Register*, the Unitarian organ: —

“After they [the Abolitionists] perceive that it is impossible to make themselves understood, and that the inevitable tendency of their doings (while all the rest of mankind are obstinately in the dark respecting them) is directly opposite to their wishes and prayers, is it not time for them to pause?” &c. * *

“We have been more and more persuaded, that the means they have been pursuing tend either to prolong and increase the evils of slavery, or to produce a convulsion in the country beyond any thing which its inhabitants have ever witnessed.”

That was an appeal to violence, it seems to me, at least indirectly, because it was calculated to inflame and madden the public mind.

The Baptist *Christian Watchman* said : —

“While we have no apology to offer for a riot under any circumstances, we hold, as being equally culpable, those who persist in a course that is calculated to excite such proceedings.”

Thus, Jesus was responsible for his own crucifixion, and we were to be held responsible for every mob !

The *Boston Recorder*, edited by Rev. JOSEPH TRACY, at that time the mouthpiece of the Orthodox denomination, said : —

“Mr. Garrison’s policy, we have no doubt, is to identify his cause with the cause of civil liberty, by making it necessary for all who would defend civil liberty to defend him and his meetings. He wishes to put all good citizens under the necessity of choosing between him and the mob ; believing that, in such case, they will be on his side. It is, therefore, his settled policy to provoke mobs as much as he can.”

But the *Commercial Gazette* was, on the whole, the most active and the most malignant in its efforts to put down our movement by mobocratic violence.

Early in August, 1835, fifteen hundred of the most prominent citizens of Boston appended their names to a call for a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, to denounce the agitation of the question of slavery as putting in peril the existence of the Union. Some who signed that call have long since repented of the act, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and now glory in the Anti-Slavery cause. There was the most intimate connection between this meeting and the riotous outbreak of October 21st.

Well, the meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, (the Mayor in the chair,) and addressed by the Hon. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, Hon. PELEG SPRAGUE, and Hon. RICHARD FLETCHER, whose speeches were eminently calculated to whet the knife to be put into the heart of GEORGE THOMPSON by some stealthy assassin. No men could have brought deeper disgrace upon themselves than they did in regard to the opprobrious language which they used toward Mr. THOMPSON and the Anti-Slavery cause. If there were time, I would give you some extracts from those speeches ; but I refer those of you who are curious to know what they said, to the files of the *The Liberator*, or the leading Boston papers of that day.

Here what was the language of the *Commercial Gazette* on the subject : —

‘FANEUIL HALL MEETING. Let it not pass unheeded. If, however, disregarding its warning and solemn voice, this Society persevere in their nefarious schemes, let the bolt of public indignation fall upon them ; let them be marked as disturbers of the public peace, and shunned as traitors to the country. Let no citizen who sets a value on the Union of the States — let none who hold to those sacred principles bequeathed to them by the immortal Washington, have any intercourse with men whose measures are firebrands, arrows and death, and whose success would be the destruction of this now happy Republic.’

The whole city was now wrought up to a pitch of insanity. It having been advertised that the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society would hold a meeting at 46 Washington Street, on the 21st of October, a placard was circulated through the business portion of the city, announcing the fact, and stating that GEORGE THOMPSON would be present. This was printed at the office of the *Commercial Gazette*, and written by Mr. HOMER, one of the editors of that paper, and an active instrument in getting up the mob, and in seeing it carried through. Here is a copy of it : —

THOMPSON,

THE ABOLITIONIST!!!

That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 46 Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out* ! It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of \$100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant !

Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

It was a false statement, that Mr. THOMPSON was to be there. He was not in the city, and had not been asked to address the meeting. The ladies, however, had requested me to deliver an address on the occasion. I thanked them, and told them I would do so. Accordingly, on that eventful day, anticipating a serious disturbance, I went to the hall some time before the hour of meeting ; but, early as it was, I found the doorway and staircase crowded with rioters. I was recognized and hooted at, and with difficulty

I passed through them. In the hall, I found some thirty women, who had anticipated the hour of meeting, and had thus been enabled to get in. Others, who came later, were kept from entering by the crowd. The street was densely packed, and the outcries of the mob were various. This is not the same hall. The building in which we met was subsequently injured by fire, torn down, and replaced by the present structure. The hall ran lengthwise, and was differently shaped from this. One part of it was partitioned off for the Anti-Slavery office, in which we had all our books and publications, none of which, happily, got into the hands of the mob. On entering the hall, I took my seat quietly, waiting until I should be asked to speak. In the midst of the howlings of the riotous throng, a prayer was offered by the President of the Society, Miss MARY PARKER, in a strong and clear voice. I shall never forget it. It was thrilling beyond description; evincing the utmost trust in God, and complete serenity of soul, as she "thanked God that while there were many to molest, there were none that could make afraid." After a while, it was suggested that if I would withdraw, my absence might influence the ruffians to behave with more decency. I accordingly left the hall, and stepped into the Anti-Slavery office adjoining, and locked the door. I found no one there, except my friend, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH. I immediately sat down, and wrote to a friend in Providence a description of the incidents of the day, as they were transpiring. Whilst writing, the ruffians in the hall broke in the lower panels of the door, and stooping down, glared at me through the aperture like so many wolves, and shouted — "Here he is!" — "Out with him! out with him!" My friend, Mr. BURLEIGH, with admirable courage and presence of mind, stepped out of the room, locked the door on the outside, and put the key into his pocket. He then, non-resistant though he was, stood guard; and it was entirely owing to his calm and firm demeanor that our office was not harmed. The rioters, however, got hold of some prayer and hymn books, belonging to a religious society that occupied the hall every Sunday, and threw them out of the window as incendiary documents!

I will not occupy your time by going into all the details of this disgraceful affair. Suffice it to say, that the Mayor, on entering the hall told the ladies they must disperse, for the sake of the

peace of the city! This they declined doing until they had transacted a portion of their business, when they retired in a calm and dignified manner, though scoffed at and insulted as they passed through the lawless throng.

The cry was now raised for the Anti-Slavery sign-board. This was soon thrown down, in the presence and by the acquiescence of the Mayor, and exultingly danced upon, and finally broken into fragments.

Again the cry was raised for "THOMPSON!" The Mayor (the late THEODORE LYMAN) assured the rioters that Mr. THOMPSON was not in the hall. They knew, however, that I was, and so they clamored for my surrender. The agitation of the Mayor was excessive. Unwilling or unable to protect me by an appeal to the military, but desirous that I should receive no harm, he endeavored (having cleared the building of the rioters) to find some way of exit for me, so as to be able truthfully to announce that I was no longer in the hall, and thus induce the rioters to disperse. It was proposed that I should escape by dropping from a window in the second story upon a shed, and from thence into a yard, leading through a carpenter's shop, into Wilson's lane. I felt at first very great reluctance to leave the premises in this manner; but, by the urgent entreaties of the Mayor and his posse, and of several Anti-Slavery friends then present, (among them my early and faithful coadjutor, SAMUEL E. SEWALL, Esq.)—and to avoid the charge of wilfully hazarding my life when a quiet withdrawal was feasible—and as no pledges were given or exacted, and no sacrifice of principle was involved in such a step—I consented to make the attempt, accompanied by a friend, Mr. JOHN R. CAMPBELL, now, I believe, in the spirit-land. The attempt proved unsuccessful. I was instantly discovered by persons on the watch—Wilson's lane, in the course of a few minutes, was densely filled with the rioters, the most active of whom found me in the second story of the carpenter's shop alluded to, and, coiling a rope around my body, let me down to the crowd below. I was dragged bare-headed through the lane into State street, where my clothes were nearly all torn from my body, the intention being, as I understood, to carry me to the Common, and there give me a coat of tar and feathers, a ducking in the pond, &c. &c. Approaching the door of the City

Hall, on the south side, the Mayor and his constabulary succeeded in rescuing me with difficulty, and I was taken up into his office. The Post Office was then located in that building. As the night was approaching, and the mob were still bent on my seizure, it was deemed necessary alike for the preservation of the Post Office and of my life, to send me to the jail in Leverett street, as the only place of safety to be found in the city. But I must be committed legally, of course; and so, to obtain a writ of commitment, Sheriff PARKMAN had to take a false oath, that I was a disturber of the peace! — though I believe he was actuated by a friendly and sympathizing spirit. Not to have saved my life would I have had him act in this manner. To the jail then I was sent, every effort being made by the mob once more to get possession of my person, but in vain. I remained in jail till the next day, when the Court came to me, and formally discharged me as one who had done no evil, and whose imprisonment had been only a ruse to protect my life!

The heroism manifested by the ladies of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, on that trying occasion, was beyond all praise. Some of them have since fallen by death. Among the number present in the hall was the lamented ANN GREENE CHAPMAN, whose memory will always be precious. Allow me to refer to the Will she made, to show the spirit by which she was animated. One portion was as follows: —

“Whilst I live, I have solemnly devoted myself to the cause of Truth, Justice, Freedom; and dying, I would yet bless it, in its onward course.

“Believing that the American Anti-Slavery Society is most beneficial to the slave, and is advancing rapidly the coming of Christ's kingdom, I leave to its Treasurer, Mr. John Rankin, or his successor in that office, the sum of one thousand dollars for the use of the Society.

“To the Samaritan [Colored] Asylum, one hundred dollars.

“To the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, one hundred dollars.

“I trust that when the hour of death comes, my mind will be, as it is now, convinced that the way to serve God, and secure his favor, is by making the cause of his oppressed children my cause. And then I shall not have lived in vain.”

No, she has not “lived in vain,” and, being dead, she yet speaketh!

It is also due to one who is now drawing near to the grave, to refer to her particularly, in connection with this meeting. I al-

lude to HARRIET MARTINEAU, of England. The invitation extended to the Female Society to occupy your house, Mr. Chairman, come what might, was very gladly accepted by the Society, and the meeting was accordingly held. Miss MARTINEAU had come over to our country, some time before, with the highest literary reputation, had travelled through the South with great eclat, and had been every where received with high honors. She came to Boston at this trial-hour, and was at once put in the furnace. She had claimed to be the friend of the enslaved at home: it was now to be seen whether she would be faithful to her principles on this side the Atlantic. The course taken by almost every other distinguished person from the old world has been such, that her conduct now looks all the more sublime and glorious. Allow me to give, Mr. Chairman, the testimony uttered by her in your own house:—

“I have been requested by a friend present to say something—if only a word—to express my sympathy in the objects of this meeting. I had supposed, that my presence here would be understood as showing my sympathy with you. But as I am requested to speak, I will say, what I have said through the whole South, in every family where I have been, that I consider Slavery as inconsistent with the Law of God, and as incompatible with the course of his Providence. I should certainly say no less at the North than at the South concerning this utter abomination—and I now declare that, in your principles, I fully agree.”

And because she attended that meeting, and enunciated these noble sentiments, she at once lost caste among the literati of the country; and while she remained here, was treated with manifest scorn and neglect. But she never faltered. She is now very ill, and is not expected long to survive; but she has shown that she deserves to be ranked with those of whom the world is not worthy.

The following despicable article, which her morally heroic course elicited from the “respectable” *Daily Advertiser* at that time, will serve to confirm what I have stated, in regard to the treatment of Miss MARTINEAU:—

“We were extremely sorry to learn, a few days since, that this lady, who has been every where in this country received with the respect and kindness to which her eminent talents, and amiable character and manners entitle her, had been induced by persuasion, we are inclined to believe, in opposition to her own better judgment, to the commission of an act of indiscretion, by which it is to be feared she has forfeited some part of the high standing which she held in the good opinion

of the people of all parties in this country, and placed herself in the position of a partisan, in one of the most useless, the most bitter, and consequently the most mischievous controversies in which the people of this country have ever been engaged. We regret this, not on her own account only, but on that of the public at large, both in England and in this country. We had a right to expect from her well known intelligence, from the favorable reception of her publications, from the respect and esteem with which she is regarded in the wide circle of her personal friends on both sides the Atlantic, and from the opportunities which she has enjoyed of becoming acquainted with the institutions, manners and character of the people of this country, that her visit here would be productive of a useful effect, in disseminating among the people of Great Britain more correct notions of the state of society among us. These expectations, we are sorry to say, are in a good measure blasted, by the act of indiscretion to which we have alluded. It is of very little consequence, except as it regards the influence which she was capable of exerting on other subjects, what are her opinions on the question of slavery. The addition of the weight of her sanction and influence, to a system of opinions and measures which have not the remotest tendency to remove the evils complained of, and which serve merely as a brand of discord throughout the country, will produce no perceptible effect on the prevalence of those opinions and measures; but the enrolling her name with that of George Thompson, the most odious foreign renegade who ever visited this country, in propagating doctrines, and encouraging measures, which lead directly to civil war and a dissolution of the Union, must shake the faith of many of her friends in the soundness of her judgment. We had hoped that the public would have been favored with some explanation of the sentiments which are stated, in the *Liberator*, to have been expressed by her, at a late meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, in this city. No such explanation having been made, we take this occasion to copy the remarks of an intelligent cotemporary, upon the course which she has adopted, for the purpose of showing in what light that course is regarded by those who do not see the propriety of preaching up a crusade against slavery, among a people where no slavery exists, for the mere purpose of exciting the indignation and hatred of the people of those States where it exists by the express sanction of the Constitution under which we live."

I have trespassed too long upon your time in going through these preliminaries, but I felt that they were important as bearing upon this lawless outbreak in our city, and as showing how the prevailing violence of that period was stimulated, and who are to be held responsible for it.

Mr. Chairman, what a change has been effected in public sentiment within twenty years! It has seemed to me, in scanning the file of *The Liberator* for 1835, as if I were in another country, among another people!

It is not much to be a professed Abolitionist to-day. The fiery trials through which the early Abolitionists passed can never be realized, except by those who endured them. Our pathway is now, comparatively, strewed with flowers. The Anti-Slavery flame has spread from heart to heart, from house to house, from State to State. Hundreds of thousands are imbued more or less with sympathy for the oppressed. The press is inclining more and more to the side of freedom; and all the signs of the times are encouraging, in regard to the continued growth of our glorious movement.

On the other hand, it is also true that the Slave Power has lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes. When I tell you that, during these twenty years, the natural increase of the number of slaves has been equal to the passing of the entire population of Massachusetts into a state of bondage, I tell you precisely the growth of the slave system during that period. *More than a million of slaves are to be delivered, who were not in existence twenty years ago* — AND NEARLY FOUR MILLIONS IN ALL !

But, our cause is of God. It has been so from the beginning. Why did this nation tremble at the outset? Why were the slaveholders smitten as with the fear of death? Who were the Abolitionists? Confessedly, in a numerical sense, not to be counted. They had no influence, no station, no wealth. Ah ! Mr. Chairman, they had the truth of God, and therefore God himself was on their side; and hence this guilty nation quaked with fear when that truth was uttered and applied. But our work is not to cease until liberty be proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. We are to contend until every chain is broken, or until our labors on earth are finished. Remember, they only who endure to the end shall see salvation, and raise the song of "Victory !" We have fought a good fight, and we shall yet conquer, God helping us. All the spirits of the just are with us; all the good of earth are with us; and we need not fear as to the result of this great conflict.

"For truth shall conquer at the last:

So round and round we run,—

And ever the right comes uppermost,

And ever is justice done."

The following hymn, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, was then sung, to the tune of "Scots wha hae":—

Friends of Freedom! ye who stand
With no weapon in your hand,
Save a purpose stern and grand,
All men to set free,
Welcome! Freedom stands in need
Of true men in thought and deed—
Men who have this only creed,
That they will not flee!

Though we were but two or three,
Sure of triumph we should be;
We our promised land shall see,
Though the way seem long:—
Every fearless word we speak
Makes Sin's stronghold bend and creak—
Tyranny is always weak,
Truth is young and strong!

All the hero-spirits vast,
Who have sanctified the past,
Bearing witness to the last,
Fight upon our part;
We can never be forlorn:
He, who, in a manger born,
Bore the Priest's and Levite's scorn,
Gives us hope and heart.

The audience was then addressed by WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I feel that I have very little right on this platform to-day. I stand here only to express my gratitude to those who truly and properly occupy it, for what we all owe them — the women and the men — who stood by our honor, and so nobly did our duties, when we forgot it and them twenty years ago.

At this hour, twenty years ago, I was below in the street; — I thank God I am inside the house now! I was not in the street as one of the mob, but as a spectator. I had come down from my office in Court street to see what the excitement was. I did not un-

derstand Anti-Slavery then; that is, I did not understand the country in which I lived. We have all of us learned much since; learned what Anti-Slavery means — learned what a Republican Government really is — learned the power of the press and of money, which I, at least, did not know then. I remember saying to the gentleman who stood next to me in the street — “Why does not the Mayor call out the regiment? — (I belonged to it then) — we would cheerfully take arms in such a case as this. It is a very shameful business. Why does he stand there arguing? Why does he not call for the guns?” I did not know that the guns were in the street — that the men who should have borne them were the mob; that all there was of government in Boston was in the street; that the people, our final reliance for the execution of the laws, were there, in the street. Mayor Lyman knew it; and the only honorable and honest course open to him was, to have said — “If I cannot *be* a magistrate, I will not *pretend* to be one.”

I do not know whether to attribute the Mayor's disgraceful conduct to his confused notion of his official duties, or to a cowardly unwillingness to perform what he knew well enough to be his duty. A superficial observer of the press and pulpit of that day would be inclined to consider it the result of ignorance, and lay the blame at the door of our republican form of government, which thrusts up into important stations dainty gentlemen like LYMAN, physicians never allowed to doctor any body but the body politic, or cunning tradesmen who have wriggled their slimy way to wealth; men who in a trial hour not only know nothing of their own duties, but do not even know where to go for advice. And for the preachers, I am inclined to think this stolid ignorance of civil rights and duties may be pleaded as a disgraceful excuse, leaving them guilty only of meddling in matters far above their comprehension. But one who looks deeper into the temper of that day will see plainly enough that the Mayor and the Editors, with their companions “in broad-cloth,” were only blind to what they did not wish to see, and knew the right and wrong of the case well enough, only, like all half-educated people, they were but poorly able to comprehend the vast importance of the wrong they were doing. The mobs which followed, directed against others than Abolitionists, the ripe fruit of the seed here planted, opened their eyes somewhat.

Mr. GARRISON has given us specimens enough of the press of that day. There was the *Daily Advertiser*, of course on the wrong side — respectable when its opponents are strong and numerous, and quite ready to be scurrilous when scurrility is safe and will pay — behind whose editorials a keen ear can always catch the clink of the dollar — entitled to be called the Rip Van Winkle of the Press, should it ever, like Rip, wake up; the *Advertiser* condescended, strangely enough, to say, that it was *not surprised* (!) that papers abroad considered the meeting of mobocrats in the street below a riot (!); but the *wiser Advertiser* itself regarded it “*not so much as a riot as the prevention of a riot*”! It “*considered the whole transaction as the triumph of law over lawless violence, and the love of order over riot and confusion*”!! Dear, dreamy Van Winkle! and he goes on to “*rejoice*” at the exceeding “moderation” of the populace, that they did not murder Mr. GARRISON on the spot! And this is the journal which Boston literature regards as its organ, and which Boston wealth befools itself by styling “respectable!”

Next came the scurrilous *Gazette*, which it is said repented of its course when it found that Northern subscribers fell off and Southerners continued to despise it as before; and which, outliving public forbearance and becoming bankrupt, earned thus the right to be melted into the *Daily Advertiser*.

With them in sad alliance marched the *Courier* — always strong and frank whichever side it took, and even of whose great merit and bravery between that time and this, it is sufficient praise to say, that it was enough to outweigh its great wrong in 1835, and its vile servility now.

With rare daring, the *Christian Register*, the organ of the Unitarians, snatched the palm of infamy. In a moment of forgetful frankness, it counselled hypocrisy; suiting manner to matter, it *hints* to the Abolitionists, that they should imitate the example, as, with laughable ignorance, it avers, of the early Christians of Trajan’s day, and meet in secret, if the “*vanity*” of the ladies would allow! The coward priest forgot, if he ever knew, that the early Christians met in secret beneath the pavements of Rome, only to pray for the martyrs whose crosses lined the highways, whose daring defied Paganism at its own altars, and whose human-

ity stopped the bloody games of Rome in the upper air; that they met beneath the ground, not so much to hide themselves, as to get strength for bolder attacks on wicked laws and false altars.

Infamy, however, at that day, was not a monopoly of one sect. HUBBARD WINSLOW, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, strictly Orthodox, a bigot in good and regular standing, shortly after this preached a sermon to illustrate and defend the doctrine, that no man, under a republican government, has a right to promulgate any opinion but such as "a majority of the brotherhood would allow and protect;" and he is said to have boasted that Judge Story thanked him for such a discourse!

The Mayor played a most shuffling and dishonorable part. For some time previous, he had held private conferences with leading Abolitionists, urging them to discontinue their meetings, professing, all the while, entire friendship, and the most earnest determination to protect them in their rights at any cost. The Abolitionists treated him, in return, with the utmost confidence. They yielded to his wishes, so far as to consent to do nothing that would increase the public excitement, with this exception, that they insisted on holding meetings often enough to assert their *right* to meet. Yet, while they were thus honorably coöperating in avoiding every thing that would needlessly excite the public mind, going to the utmost verge of submission and silence that duty permitted, — while the Abolitionists, with rare moderation, were showing this magnanimous forbearance and regard to the weakness of public authority and the reckless excitement of the public, the Mayor himself, in utter violation of official decorum and personal honor, accepted the chair of the public meeting assembled in Faneuil Hall, and presided over that assembly, — an assembly which many intended should cause a mob against the Abolitionists, and which none but the weak or wilfully blind could avoid seeing must lead to that result. In his opening speech to that factious meeting, the Mayor, under oath at that moment, to protect every citizen in his rights, and doubly bound just then by private assurances to these very Abolitionists, forgot all his duty, all his pledges, so far as to publicly *warn them of the danger of their meeting*, — a warning or threat, the memory of which might well make him tremblingly anxious to save GARRISON'S life, since of any blood

shed that day, every law, divine and human, would have held the Mayor guilty.

Such was the temper of those times. The ignorant were not aware, and the wise were too corrupt to confess, that the most precious of human rights, free thought, was at stake. These women knew it, felt the momentous character of the issue, and consented to stand in the gap. Those were trial hours. I never think of them without my shame for my native city being swallowed up in gratitude to those who stood so bravely for the right. Let us not consent to be ashamed of the Boston of 1835. The howling wolves in the streets were not Boston. These brave men and women were Boston. We will remember no other.

I never open the Statute Book of Massachusetts without thanking ELLIS GRAY LORING and SAMUEL J. MAY, CHARLES FOLLEN and SAMUEL E. SEWALL, and those around me who stood with them, for preventing EDWARD EVERETT from blackening it with a law making free speech an indictable offence. And we owe it to fifty or sixty women, and to a dozen or two of men, that free speech was saved, in 1835, in the city of Boston. Indeed, we owe it to one man. If there is one here who loves Boston, who loves her honor, who rejoices to know that, however thin the thread, there is a thread that bridges over that dark and troubled wave, and connects us by a living nerve with the freemen of the Revolution, and that Boston, though betrayed by her magistrates, her wealth, her press, and her pulpits, never utterly bowed her neck, let him remember that we owe it to you, Sir, (Mr. JACKSON,) who offered to the women who were not allowed to meet here, even though the Mayor was in this hall, the use of your house; and one sentence of your letter deserves to be read whenever Boston men are met together to celebrate the preservation of the right of free speech in the city of Adams and Otis. History, that always loves courage, will write it a page whiter than marble and more incorruptible than gold. You said, Sir, in answer to a letter of thanks for the use of your house: —

“If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land — if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and ‘pass by on the other side’ — so it must be.

"But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write, and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind — so it must not be — so it shall not be, if I for one can prevent it. Upon this great right let us hold on at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house, at least, shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth — let them fall, if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipped into silence."

This was only thirty days after the mob. I need not read the remainder of the letter, which is in the same strain.

We owe it to one man that a public meeting was held, within a month, by these same women, in the city of Boston. But to their honor be it remembered, also, — a fact which Mr. GARRISON omitted to state, — that when Mayor LYMAN urged them to go home, they left this hall in public procession and went "home" to the house of Mrs. M. W. CHAPMAN, in West street, to organize and finish their meeting that very afternoon. To Mrs. CHAPMAN'S pen we owe the most living picture of that whole scene, and her able, graphic, and eloquent reports of the proceedings of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and specially of this day, have hung up to everlasting contempt the "men of property and standing" — the "respectable" men of Boston.

Let us open, for a moment, the doors of the hall which stood here, and listen to the Mayor receiving his lesson in civil duty from the noble women of this Society : —

MR. LYMAN — "Go home, ladies, go home."

PRESIDENT — "What renders it necessary we should go home?"

MR. LYMAN — "I am the mayor of the city, and I cannot now explain; but will call upon you this evening."

PRESIDENT — "If the ladies will be seated, we will take the sense of the meeting."

MR. LYMAN — "Don't stop, ladies, go home."

PRESIDENT — "Will the ladies listen to a letter addressed to the Society, by Francis Jackson, Esq.?"

MR. LYMAN — "Ladies, do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home."

ONE OF THE LADIES — "Mr. Lyman, your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them?"

MR. LYMAN — "I know no personal friends ; I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain."

LADY — "If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as any where."

There is nothing braver than that in the history of the Long Parliament, or of the Roman Senate.

At that Faneuil Hall meeting, one of "the family" was present ; one of that family that was never absent when a deed of infamy was to be committed against the slave, — a family made up mostly of upstart attornies, who fancy themselves statesmen, because able to draw a writ or pick holes in an indictment. Mr. THOMAS B. CURTIS read the resolutions ; and then followed three speeches, by HARRISON GRAY OTIS, RICHARD FLETCHER, and PELEG SPRAGUE, unmatched for the adroit, ingenious, suggestive argument and exhortation to put down, legally or violently, each hearer could choose for himself, all public meetings on the subject of slavery in the city of Boston. Every thing influential in the city was arrayed against this Society of a few women. I could not but reflect, as I sat here, how immortal principle is. Rev. HENRY WARE, Jr., read the notice of this Society's meeting from Dr. CHANNING'S pulpit, and almost every press in the city woke barking at him next morning for what was called his "impudence." He is gone to his honored grave ; many of those who met in this hall in pursuance of that notice are gone likewise. They died, as WHITTIER so well says,

— "Their brave hearts breaking slow,
But, self-forged to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle glow,
Their breath upon the darkness passed."

In those days, as we gathered round their graves, and resolved that the "narrower the circle became, we would draw the closer together," we envied the dead their rest. Men ceased to slander them in the sanctuary of the grave ; and as we looked forward to the desolate vista of calamity and toil before us, and thought of the temptations which beset us on either side from worldly prosperity which a slight sacrifice of principle might secure, or social ease so close at hand by only a little turning aside, we envied the dead the

quiet sleep to which we left them, the harvest reaped, and the seal set beyond the power of change. And of those who assaulted them, many are gone. The Mayor, so recreant to his duty, or so lacking in knowledge of his office, is gone; the Judge, before whom Mr. GARRISON was arraigned the next day after the mob, at the jail, is gone; the Sheriff, who rode with him to the jail, is gone; the city journals have changed hands, being more than once *openly* bought and sold. The editor of the *Atlas*, whose zeal in the cause of mob violence earned it the honor of giving its name to the day — “the *Atlas* mob” many called it — is gone; many of the prominent actors in that scene, twenty years ago, have passed away; the most eloquent of those whose voices cried “havoc” at Faneuil Hall has gone, — Mr. OTIS has his wish, that the grave might close over him before it closed over the Union, which God speed in his good time; — the same principle fills these same halls, as fresh and vital to-day, as self-fixed and resolute to struggle against pulpit and press, against wealth and majorities, against denunciation and unpopularity, and certain in the end to set its triumphant foot on man and every thing that man has made alike.

Here stands to-day the man whom Boston wealth and Boston respectability went home, twenty years ago this night, and gloried in having crushed. The loudest boosters are gone. He stands to-day among us, these very walls, these ideas which breathe and burn around us, saying to him, “I still live.” If, twenty or twice twenty years hence, he too shall have passed away, may it not be till his glad ear has caught the jubilee of the emancipated millions whom his life has been given to save!

This very Female Anti-Slavery Society which was met here twenty years ago, did other good service but a few months after, in getting the Court of Massachusetts to recognize that great principle of freedom, that a slave, *brought into a Northern State*, is free. It was in the celebrated Med case. We owe that to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. To-day, Judge Kane, and the Supreme Court which alone can control him, are endeavoring to annihilate that principle which twenty years ago was established. How far, and how soon they may be successful, God only knows.

Truly, as Mr. GARRISON has said, the intellectual and moral

growth of Anti-Slavery has been great within twenty years; but who shall deny, that in that same twenty years, the political, the organic, the civil growth of slavery, has been more than equal? We stand here to-day with a city redeemed — how far? Just so far as this meeting commemorates — the right of free speech is secured. Thank God! in twenty years, we have proved that an Anti-Slavery meeting is not only possible, but respectable, in Massachusetts — that is all we have proved. Lord Erskine said a newspaper was stronger than government. We have got many newspapers on our side. Ideas will, in the end, beat down any thing; — we have got free course for ideas.

But let us not cheer ourselves too hastily, for the government, the wealth, the public opinion of this very city in which we meet, remain to-day almost as firmly anchored as ever on the side of slavery. Amid all the changes of twenty years, the *Daily Advertiser* has not changed a whit — not a whit. The same paper that spoke doubtful words before October 21st, hoped the meeting would be stopped, and afterwards was so terribly shocked at the occurrence of a mob, but was glad the ladies were not allowed to hold their meeting, — that same paper would act the same shameless part to-day. That paper, which represented then so well the mobocrats in broadcloth, has passed from a father wearied in trying to hold Massachusetts back, to his son — whose accession, to reverse James First's motto, "no day followed" — and it is published to-day with the same spirit, represents the same class, actuated exactly with the same purpose. If there is strength outside the city, in the masses, able to rebuke that class, and that press, and that purpose, and give the State of Massachusetts more emphatically to some kind of Anti-Slavery, it is still a struggle. I would not rejoice, therefore, too much. We must discriminate. "To break your leg twice over the same stone is your own fault," says the Spanish proverb.

I came here to-day to thank God that Boston never wanted a person to claim his inalienable right to utter his thoughts on the subject of slavery, nor a spot upon which he could do it; — that is all my rejoicing to-day. And in that corner-stone of individual daring, of fidelity to conscience, I recognize the possibility of the emancipation of three millions of slaves. But that possibility is

to be made actual by labors as earnest and unceasing, by a self-devotion as entire, as that which has marked the twenty years which have gone before.

I find that these people, who have made this day famous, were accused in their own time of harsh language, and over-boldness, and great disparagement of dignities. These were the three charges brought against the Female Anti-Slavery Society in 1835. The women forgot their homes in endeavoring to make the men do their duty. It was a noble lesson which the sisters and mothers of that time set the women of the present day — I hope they will follow it.

There was another charge brought against them—it was, that they had no reverence for dignitaries. The friend who sits here on my right (Mrs. SOUTHWICK) dared to rebuke a slaveholder with a loud voice, in a room, just before, if not then, consecrated by the presence of Chief Justice Shaw, and the press was astonished at her boldness. I hope, though she has left the city, she has left representatives behind her who will dare rebuke any slave-hunter, or any servant of the Slave Power, with the same boldness, frankness and defiance of authorities, and contempt of parchment.

Then there was another charge brought against their meetings, and that was, that they indulged in exceedingly bad language about pulpits, and laws, and officers of the country. That is a sin I hope will not die out. God grant we may inherit that also.

I should like to know very much how many there are in this hall to-day who were out in the street, as actual mobocrats, twenty years ago. I know there are some here who signed the various petitions to the City Government to prevent the meeting from being held, but it would be an interesting fact to know how many are here to-day, actually enlisted under the Anti-Slavery banner, who tore that sign to pieces. I wish we had those relics; the piece of that door which was long preserved, the door so coolly locked by CHARLES BURLEIGH,—it was a touching relic. We ought to have a portion of that sign which the Mayor threw down as a tub to the whale, hoping to save some semblance of his authority; hoping the multitude would be satisfied with the sign, and spare the women in this hall,—forgetting that a mob is controlled only by its fears, not by pity or good manners.

But, Mr. President, it is a sad history to think of. Anti-Slavery is a sad history to read, sad to look back upon. What a miserable refuse public opinion has been for the past twenty years! — what a wretched wreck of all that Republican education ought to have proposed! Take up that file of papers which Mr. GARRISON showed you, and think, Republicanism, popular education, a Protestant pulpit, free schools, the model government, had existed in this city for sixty years, and this was the result! A picture, the very copy of that which Sir ROBERT PEELE held up in the British Parliament, within a month of the mob, as proof that Republicanism could never succeed. It is a sad picture to look back upon. The only light that redeems it is the heroism that consecrated this hall, and one house in Hollis street, places which Boston will yet make pilgrimages to honor.

The only thing that Americans (for let us be Americans to-day, not simply Abolitionists) — the only thing that Americans can rejoice for this day is, that *every thing* was not rotten. The *whole* head was not sick, nor the *whole* heart faint. There were *ten men*, even in Sodom! And when the Mayor forgot his duty, when the pulpit prostituted itself, and when the press turned itself into a pack of howling hounds, the women of Boston, and a score or two of men, remembered Hancock and Adams, and did their duty. And if there are young people who hear me to-day, let us hope that when this special cause of Anti-Slavery effort is past and gone, when another generation shall have come upon the stage, and new topics of dispute have arisen, there will be no more such scenes. How shall we ever learn toleration for what we do not believe? The last lesson a man ever learns is, that liberty of thought and speech is the right for all mankind; and of all opinions, that the man who denies every article of this creed is to be allowed to preach just as often, and just as loud, as he himself has a right to. We have learned this — been taught it by persecution on the question of slavery. No matter whose the lips that would speak, they must be heard. Let us see to it, my friends, Abolitionists, that we learn the lesson the whole circle round. Let us believe that the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue. Trust it. And remember, that in order to get the whole of truth, you

must allow every man, right or wrong, freely to utter his conscience, and protect him in it.

The same question was wrought out here twenty years ago, as was wrought in the protest of fifty or a hundred Abolitionists, when an infidel (Abner Kneeland) was sent to Boston jail for preaching his sentiments. I hope that we shall all go out of this hall, remembering the highest lesson of this day and place is, that every man's conscience is sacred. No matter how good our motives are! Mayor Lyman had some good motives that day, if he had only known what his office meant, and stayed at home, if he felt himself not able to fill it. It is not motives. Entire, unshackled freedom for every man's lips, no matter what his doctrine; — the safety of free discussion, no matter how wide its range; — no check on the peaceful assemblage of thoughtful men! Let us consecrate our labors for twenty years to come in doing better than those who went before us, and widening the circle of their principle into the full growth of its actual and proper significance.

Let me thank the women who came here twenty years ago, some of whom are met here to-day, for the good they have done me. I thank them for all they have taught me. I had read Greek and Roman and English history; I had by heart the classic eulogies of brave old men and martyrs; I dreamed, in my folly, that I heard the same tone in my own day from the cuckoo lips of EDWARD EVERETT — these women taught me my mistake. They taught me that down in those hearts that loved a principle for itself, asked no man's leave to think or speak, and were willing to sacrifice every thing for it, true to their convictions, no matter at what hazard, flowed the true blood of '76, of 1640, of the hemlock-drinker of Athens, and of the martyr saints of Jerusalem. I thank them for it! My eyes were sealed, so that, although I knew the Adamses and Otises of 1776, and the Mary Dyers and Ann Hutchinsons of older times, I could not recognize the Adamses and Otises, the Dyers and Hutchinsons, whom I met in the streets of '35. These women opened my eyes, and I thank them and you (turning to Mrs. SOUTHWICK and Miss HENRIETTA SARGENT, who sat upon the platform) for that anointing. May our next twenty years prove us all apt scholars of so brave instruction!

Speech of Rev. Theodore Parker.

MR. CHAIRMAN, — It is very few words I shall speak on this occasion ; I do not consider myself entitled or worthy to say more. When you, and Mr. GARRISON, and others, were men, and playing a manly part here twenty years ago, and these women were playing the part, not of “mothers in Israel,” but, what is a great deal better, of women, of mothers, in New England, I was what I may call a boy, a young man, in the Theological School, studying for my profession. I very well remember the 21st of October, 1835. At that time, I was occupied chiefly in theological and metaphysical abstractions, which are now-a-days coming out in the prayers I offer, in the sermons I preach, in the life I try to lead. I was then laying the foundation for what I am now trying to establish in works.

I very well remember the event of this day. Wholly unexpected it was to me ; for I was so lost in Hebrew, and Grecian, and German metaphysics, that I did not duly read the *Daily Advertiser* or the *Commercial Gazette*, and had not even heard of Mr. BENJAMIN F. HALLETT. Since that time, I have had occasion to make the acquaintance of that gentleman.

I came into Boston that day, and spent the evening with some of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, — respectable for their descent, respectable for their riches, and still more respectable for the social standing which made them looked up to. There were four of them present. I do not mention their names, which none here will detect. There was but one opinion among all four, and that was, in commendation of the deed done. They did not exactly commend the mob, or approve of the means ; they commended the end that was arrived at and accomplished, and thought, on the whole, the mob was a very good thing, and that Mr. JACKSON, and Mr. GARRISON, and these noble ladies, (Mrs. SOUTHWICK and Miss SARGENT,) had deserved it all. They represented the sentiment of the “men of property and standing” in Boston at that time. They were the respectabilities of Boston. They have not altered their mind, I think, to this day ; or at least, two of the same men so loved the Fugitive Slave Bill, that they went public-

ly and thanked Mr. Eliot for his vote in its support, and one of them wrote in the *Daily Advertiser* in support of the bill.

Allusion has been made to the early Christians. Mr. SAMUEL J. MAY once wanted to go and preach Anti-Slavery in the town of Taunton, and asked the Unitarian minister if he could have his church. "Yes," said the minister. He went to the Unitarian minister's house to stop, and he asked him — "Perhaps you will open the meeting with prayer, and other services?" "I shall be very glad to, and I will read some Scripture, if you will allow me." So the minister went to the meeting, and "made a prayer," praying against the Abolitionists with might and main, — it was not much might nor much main; — and then (for the Goddess of Vengeance never sleeps) he read from the Bible some passages representing the conduct of the old prophets and Christian apostles; and what made it still more touching and practical, he took this passage out of the book of Acts, "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." Thereupon he stopped. Mr. May, with that face which is a benediction any where, and that voice, which seems to have been created to utter the beatitudes which his heart always conceives, said to the audience, "Men and women, brothers and sisters, you hear what your minister has said to you. He has ended by saying, 'These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also.' *So we have!* Who was it 'that turned the world upside down,' and who were thus alluded to. It was Peter, it was Paul, it was James, it was John. It was the men who wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, of whom the world was not worthy. They turned the world upside down, because it was wrong side up before. And we have come here to do just the same thing over. I thank him for his Scripture."

How idle it seems, at this day, to undertake to put down truth by mobs! Violence! — it is an argument to this poor flesh; it is no argument to a man's mind, to his conscience, or his heart, or his soul. And, least of all, is violence, persecution, of any avail to a New England man or a New England woman, who has a whole file of Puritan fathers and mothers, reaching back beyond the reign of Bloody Mary.

There were two great books which our fathers were bred on.

One was the Bible; and though I am no worshipper of the Bible, I must say, that whatever high praise be bestowed on Roman eloquence and Roman law, or on Grecian art, philosophy and poetry, none of them ever came from such a deep of manly heroism as those old Hebrew Prophets, Psalmists and Apostles spoke out of and spoke into. And a community which took the Bible for its one book, wept over it in sorrow, rejoiced over it in delight, prayed over it, and almost worshipped it, — and that at a time, too, when priest and king forbade, — would be likely to have some heroes among its sons and daughters. That we might depend upon, — for the Bible does not lack spunk, depend upon it. If the Puritans did not take the Love of the New Testament, they did take the sternness, the unconquerable courage, that flamed in the Old Testament, and in the New. That was the first book.

The other was a kindred work; — it was Fox's History of the Martyrs. Mr. Fox was a noble man, who lived three hundred years ago, who, with unaccountable industry and untiring patience, ransacked all history to find out the story of men who had resisted the majority of the Christian Church, been wise and religious in advance of the clergy of their day, and suffered in consequence. There are three volumes of this history — very small type and very long pages; every one of them contains more matter than all six of Mr. Bancroft's History. That was the "*profane* literature" of our fathers, with whom the Bible was their *sacred* literature.

Now, it must not be supposed that a *mob* is much of an argument with men and women whose pillows were stuffed with Old Testament prophets, and whose cradle quilt was made of Fox's Martyrs. This mob of '35 was only fanning the flame; and every other mob was only fanning the flame. One of the fathers of New England said, — I do not give his words, but his idea, — When the ungodly are nearest to their hopes, the godly man is furthest from his fears. And I put it to these friends behind me, if they were ever further from their fears than twenty years ago this day? The woman who presided at that meeting, who would not listen to the Mayor's cowardly counsel, and those who were associated with her, — why, "when the ungodly were nearest to their hopes, they, the godly, were furthest from their fears."

There were two different spirits present here on that day. One

was outside, howling and yelling in the mob; the other was on the inside. The outside, it was the slave spirit. It is represented by two powers now — one, the Slave Power of the South; the other, the Money Power of the North. They had struck hands long ago. Their hands were joined in mutual insurance; they have not separated since. The Money Power of Boston is on the same side with the Slave Power of Richmond and Alexandria.

Since that day, see what triumphs have been made by the Slave Power! Then we had, at most, two and a half millions of slaves; there are three and three quarters in the United States to-day. Since that day, see what has been done! Arkansas has been made a slave State; Mississippi a slave State; Alabama a slave State; Texas has been annexed as a slave State; the Mexican war has been fought in aid of the Slave Power; Utah and New Mexico have been made slave territory; slavery has been carried into California, and exists there at this day, on sufferance, by the common law, though it is forbidden by the Constitution. We have passed the Fugitive Slave Bill; eight and twenty men have been returned into slavery from Pennsylvania in a single year, and two from Boston. That family, to which Mr. Phillips alluded, had commenced their service of the Slave Power four years before the mob. In 1832, when Mr. SAMUEL E. SEWALL, whose office is under our feet, asked the Supreme Court of Massachusetts not to allow a slaveholder from Cuba to take his slave back, one of that same family, Mr. CHARLES P. CURTIS, asked the Court to deliver him up; and the Court said, "Yes; let the slaveholder have his victim;" and he took him.

I say, that the Slave Power of the South, allied with the Money Power of the North, has made stupendous strides since that time; and just now, it has marched into Kansas and Nebraska, and carries the ballot-box at the point of the bayonet, and puts down freedom with the edge of the sword. In Pennsylvania, you know what has been done and is doing. The mob of 1835 is now organized, and has the forms of law on its side. Mayor Bigelow and Marshal Tukey in 1851, Dr. Smith and Apothecary Edmands in 1854, they are the mob of 1835, in an official dress.

You see what strides have been taken by the Power outside. But the Power inside has not been inactive. How immensely it

has grown! Mr. PHILLIPS said it had the press on its side—though the *Daily Advertiser* had not changed. The *Advertiser* is one of my pets. Let me quote something,—it is very brief, and is *not* so dull as its editorials now are, demonstrating the existence of the Whig party,—which was published in that paper October 22, 1835—the day after the mob:—

“As far as we had an opportunity of observing [for it appears the *Advertiser* was himself present] the deportment of the great number of persons assembled, there appeared to be a strong desire that no act of violence should be committed, any farther than was necessary to prevent the fomentors of discord from addressing a public meeting, which the active portion of the crowd were determined at all hazards to do. If those who call these useless meetings have not regard enough for the public quiet to avoid the summoning of another assemblage of this kind, we trust that the proper authorities will take care that they are bound over to keep the peace. When women turn reformers, and become so blinded by their zeal that they cannot perceive that they are persisting in a most useless and dangerous measure, against the universal and clearly expressed sentiment of the public, it is incumbent on the officers of the law to step in, and preserve the public peace, [by forbidding women to ‘assemble and meet together’] and not wait until continued provocation shall have led to lawless violence.”

Such was the *Daily Advertiser's* opinion of a mob which attacked a body of women. It was a pro-slavery mob, and so must be defended. But listen a moment to the words of this venerable authority on Monday, the 17th day of February, 1851. He is discoursing on the rescue of Shadrach, which took place on the preceding Saturday:—

“The rescue by violence [six unarmed black men] of a fugitive slave in this city on Saturday, while he was in a court of justice, [i. e. in the same room with George T. Curtis, fugitive slave bill commissioner,] in the custody of an officer of the law, [to wit, the celebrated Marshal Riley,] as related in another column of this paper, will naturally suggest to the legislature now in session, the propriety of repealing the act passed in 1843, called ‘an act further to protect personal liberty.’ It must be very obvious that the maintenance of such a law as this [act to protect ‘personal liberty’] among the Statutes of Massachusetts, tends to encourage a violation of the Constitution and a resistance of the laws of the United States.

“We trust that the repetition of such an outrage [the deliverance of an innocent man from the hands of a kidnapper] at noon day, in the heart of our city, by which the laws are treated with derision, will awaken our citizens to the necessity of some measures, if not to relieve us from the disgrace of such proceedings, at least for the protection of life and property,” &c. &c.

You see by that first extract how the *Advertiser* felt the day after the mob. It wanted these men, FRANCIS JACKSON and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and these women, Mrs. SOUTHWICK and Miss SARGENT, bound over to keep the peace,—never to utter a word against the great crime of America. FRANCIS JACKSON held a meeting in his own house, and came to a different conclusion. It would have taken several Mayors to have made him “keep the peace” after that sort!

Since this day, twenty years ago, what a step! See all these parties coming up into power,—the Free Soil party, the Republican party,—which are only the wings of the great Anti-Slavery party which is to be, and will command the continent. Just now, it is very plain, that the only question before the people, at the next national election, will be, Shall the Slave Power possess the Presidential office, or shall the Power of Freedom possess it? I say, there is to be only one question before the people, and that is the question.

In my mind, there is no doubt how this is to terminate, at last. The Anti-Slavery cause is a very sad one to look back upon, as Mr. PHILLIPS said. But so is the history of every great reform. Look at the American Revolution—what a sad history it is! Washington fleeing through the Jerseys, his army miserably clad and without shoes, marking the ground with their blood wherever they set their feet! What a sad history is that of General Washington over there at Cambridge, when Boston was filled with red coats! Here lay a powerful and well furnished army within an hour’s march; at one time, he had not three rounds of powder and ball for each man! The history is very sad; the thing itself is not so sad. Let us look about us, and see what honor and praise are given to the heroism of the Christian martyrs, who faced persecution and death with unfaltering courage, and see what triumph there is for us, whenever we will—

“If, beating back our thronging fears,
By faith alone our march we keep.”

The God of earth and heaven is on our side. There is no attribute of Omnipotence that does not take part with us; and what seems distant, we can bring near whenever we will. We honor

these women for their heroic bearing in the hour of danger. It is not the first time in our history that women have stood for the right when men have shrunk back in fear. When the question was brought before the twelve judges of England as to the right of King Charles the First to levy ship money, ten out of the twelve said, "O, yes, he has a perfect right; it is perfectly legal." Every body knew it was utterly illegal; there was not a barrister in all England who did not know that. One of the other judges had made up his mind to say the same thing; but his wife remonstrated with him against such injustice, and she said — You and I are getting old: for God's sake, let us go into the next world with clean consciences. Doubtless, it will cost you your place; it is of very small consequence. You and I can fare hard, and live cheap and poor, only keep our consciences clean. And the judge yielded. The woman was much the better man of the two. Our own history is full, Fox's Martyrs runs over, with similar stories; and you cannot go into a little New England town, or into this great New England town, — you cannot go where the fidelity of woman does not meet you at every step. "When the ungodly are nearest to their hopes, the godly are furthest from their fears." Let us take a lesson from her.

"We see dimly in the distance what is small and what is great,
 Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate;
 But *her* soul is still oracular, — amid the market's din,
 Hear the ominous, stern whisper of *that* Delphic soul within."

Speech of Henry C. Wright.

MR. CHAIRMAN, — I would not occupy more than a moment, as the hour is so late. I was a resident of Boston twenty years ago this day, and saw and heard both the preparations for that mob, during the six months previous, and also the proceedings of the mob itself; and I was a resident of Boston the following winter. Now, the question arises, what caused that mob? The same Power, Mr. Chairman, raised that mob, dragged Mr. GARRISON through the streets of Boston, tore down that sign, broke up that meeting, — the same Power brought about these things, that got up the Mis-

souri Compromise, and delivered that State over to Slavery, — that bought the Territory of Louisiana for the purpose of making it a slave country, — that bought Florida, with a view to converting it into a slave State, — that precipitated this country into the Mexican war and annexed Texas, with a view to spread slavery over three hundred thousand square miles there, — that has enacted and executed the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, and all other Fugitive Slave Bills, — that is now struggling in Kansas to carry slavery into that vast and fertile territory, — that same Power, Mr. Chairman, that met, in 1787, in the city of Philadelphia, when the Constitution of the United States was there framed, and went into a Convention with Liberty to form a government to execute justice and secure the blessings of freedom, — that is, the Slave Power of our country.

Mr. Chairman, we have had but just one government in this country ever since we became a Republic; there has been but one supreme law of this land, which has controlled every thing, — I mean, the will of the slaveholder. That, and that alone, has controlled the State of Massachusetts ever since she has been a State in this Confederacy, and it has controlled all the States of this Union. It has mobbed the Abolitionists from town to town, — it has taken the lives of our citizens, — it has trampled all our rights in the dust, — it has controlled the literature of Massachusetts, (one most disgraceful evidence of this has recently been exhibited among us, and my heart bleeds at the thought that a man who has stood with us so long, and battled so faithfully, should at length cower before that monster, the Slave Power,) — it has controlled the literature of Massachusetts, her colleges, her Legislature, her Judiciary, her Executive, and even her ballot-boxes, — it has controlled Massachusetts in every thing, even in domestic and social relations. It has stalked up and down your streets, and you have not dared to meet it!

Twenty years ago, Sir, I was a novice in the Anti-Slavery movement, but I had made up my mind, — it took me three years to be converted, — I was “born again” in 1834, born of God, regenerated, once and for ever, on this question, and I made up my mind to lay every thing, — my church, my ideas of religion, of the Bible, *every thing*, upon the altar of my Anti-Slavery principles,

if it was called for. Well, it was called for. I was an orthodox man, in my views of religion then, and I had to lay them all on the altar of the slave's redemption.

At that time, Mr. Chairman, we had not entered upon the discussion of the Bible question, of the relation of the Church to slavery, of the Sabbath, of the Constitution or the Union, — not one word had then been said upon these subjects. We were all of us, — Mr. GARRISON with the rest, — set Sabbatarians. We had no opposition to these things. We supposed, at that time, that these things were going to help us. We had no idea of the conflict before us, but we had made up our minds, that provided these things stood in the way of Anti-Slavery, they were to be laid on the altar. I soon found, for myself, that they *did* stand in the way. The Bible, the Church, the Constitution, and the Union, were all thrown right before us, in the pathway of our principles. What could we do? Should we give up our Anti-Slavery principles? Never! Should we stop to discuss the question whether these things were Anti-Slavery or not? For one, I would not do it; I never have done it, and I never will. It has always seemed to me idle to discuss the question what authorities sanctioned slavery. I *know* it is wrong, whatever great men or so-called sacred books may say about it. This feeling has animated me for more than twenty years. Whatever stands in the way of Anti-Slavery, I will give up. I *know* it is right, as a self-evident fact; and whatever says to the contrary, utters a self-evident falsehood.

Now, Mr. Chairman, the question we have to decide is — What shall we do? Some of us, *many* of us, I believe, have put on the armor for death or victory, and, now, what have we to do? We have got a terrible *fact* to deal with in this country, and we cannot stop to discuss the technical meaning of words, whether in the Bible or in the Constitution. We have to deal with a *fact*, that manifests itself in the religion, in the government, in the literature, in the domestic and social life of the country, — the SLAVE POWER. What shall we do? Shall we go on trying to compromise, to keep the peace between Liberty and Slavery? I say, No! Sir, there is but one way to meet that Power, and that is, on the field where "Death or Victory" is to be the motto. I say, whenever Slavery and Liberty meet, there is to be but one issue, and that is, Death

or Victory ! We have got to come to this, and let us meet it. Let the people of Massachusetts take their stand, and proclaim that no minion of the Slave Power shall be allowed to exercise any of the functions of his office on the soil of this Commonwealth. I wish that you would do towards the Slave Commissioners what your ancestors did towards the Stamp Commissioners. What did they do ? Go and read the history of your Revolutionary struggle. In 1764 or '65, when a certain Mr. ANDREW OLIVER undertook to act as Commissioner in Boston to enforce the odious Stamp Act of the British Parliament, your fathers took him and bore him to the old Liberty Tree, and there, under its spreading branches, they made him solemnly swear never to exercise his office in this country. Now, go call your United States Commissioners, your Curtises and Loring, to account, in the same way, and make them swear never to exercise their infamous office in your midst. Especially, do not fail to remember Judge Loring the coming winter in your Legislature.

Will you for ever submit to that infernal power which has ground you down to the dust ? I do not believe the people of Massachusetts will. I go, Sir, for revolution !

Mr. Chairman, while I have been sitting here this afternoon, I have noticed quite a number of young men in this assembly, and I have asked myself, what course will they take ? Here are three sitting near me, — neither of them, twenty years ago, had any existence, — two of them, the sons of the man who was dragged through the streets of Boston, and one, your own grandson. I ask, what course will these young men, now in the bloom of early manhood, pursue ? Will they take hold and help us in this cause, or will they go on in supporting and strengthening that Power which has so long ruled the nation ? Will the young men take their stand, and throw off this incubus ?

I say, Mr. Chairman, let us strike for revolution ! Let us drive slavery from our soil, and never allow a man to be put on trial on the question whether he is a man or a beast. How long shall this last ? I hope to live to see the hour of triumph ; and as I mark the spirit that pervades this assembly, I can hardly help crying out, Hallelujah !

SAMUEL MAY, Jr. — There are many persons present whom we should be glad to hear, would time permit; but I hope I may be allowed to mention the name of one young man, who has proved himself bold and fearless in opposition to the Slave Power, and who is about to leave our shores, and may never have an opportunity again to utter his voice on this subject, though I trust in God he will, many times. I hope we shall remain and hear him now. I allude to THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Speech of Rev. C. W. Higginson.

MR. CHAIRMAN, — The golden moments of this afternoon are flown, and neither I nor any one else ought to try to protract them further. The light is fading from our eyes, but I trust the light will not soon fade away from our hearts, that have been blessed by so many noble memories, and made happy by brave and hopeful anticipations from those who, of all others, have the best right to predict our future.

It is good for us to have been here, Sir. I have felt it almost every moment of the afternoon; and when I have looked around this hall, and seen alternately the smiles upon the lips of noble women, and the tears in the eyes of brave men, — seen them as well as I could for the closer tears that dimmed my own, — I have felt the same hope with the last speaker, that the younger among us, especially those who cannot speak from personal memory of the “inside” or the “outside” of this hall, on the day we celebrate, — that these young persons, from this Anniversary, may at least rekindle the enthusiasm of their own self-devotion.

Mr. Chairman, one sentence spoken by Mr. GARRISON sunk deep into my heart this afternoon; — “things are so changed around us,” he said. It is not for me here and now to question one word of his; but my heart asked my intellect, Are things so changed, after all? Is the Massachusetts of 1855 so transformed from the Massachusetts of 1835? Is State street so utterly changed now from what it was when it poured forth its base-hearted myriads then? Is it true that all the hard work is done, no great duties left, and no great demands made upon us — us, whose

misfortune it is, not our fault, that we could not bear the yoke of twenty years ago? He did not mean it—I know he did not mean it; for it is not true, and therefore he did not mean it. What is that great change in which we exult? The Abolitionists of Massachusetts have labored for twenty years, and what have they conquered? *What have they conquered?* The right of free speech! They have conquered the right to meet in Stacy Hall, and call their souls their own! But what else?

A VOICE — “That is something.”

Mr. HIGGINSON — “Something”! Thank God, it is much! But, in comparison with that vaster *much* we have yet to gain, the result of all this past contest is trifling! And I say to you, younger men and women who are here, that if you come here to exult, to tremble with excitement, as I have seen you tremble, at the thrilling story of the past, and not to consecrate yourselves to continue the work in the future, you have hurt your own souls by coming here, and you had better have stayed at home. For the more we accustom ourselves to hear of courage and self-sacrifice, as things merely historical, — things to be honored and admired, not imitated, — the more we lower the tone of our own natures and weaken our souls.

But the Massachusetts of 1855 — what is it? It is still a part of the Union of 1855. And the Union of 1855 — what is it? Still a Union between Freedom and Slavery; still a Union of the dead and the living! The dead and mouldering remains of what was once beautiful, bound to the living form of what ought to be beautiful, but is fast ceasing to be so from the polluting contact of that sad decay! The Union of 1855 is what the Union of 1835 was — a Union governed by slavery; a Union in which not merely “slavery is national and freedom sectional,” but slavery is national, and freedom *nowhere*; for there is no foot, no square inch, even, of free soil in Massachusetts! The fairest and daintiest woman’s finger in this hall is not delicate enough to touch one little atom of Massachusetts earth that is free at this moment; and we, born and bred in dreams of freedom, accustomed from our infancy to drink great draughts of sublime ideas, and hopes, and wishes, find ourselves, in maturity, with our birthright gone, our

dreams faded, our hopes betrayed, and life one long conflict, if we are true to principle! If this is the result of those magnificent labors and sacrifices of twenty years, how long, do you think, are the labors and sacrifices of the future to continue, before the work is done? If all that has passed has only come to this, what is the future to be? God knows; I do not know. We never know what new openings God may have in store for putting an end to the long controversies of men, and letting the weary, saddened spirit of humanity out from its perplexity by some new door it did not know until it opened. Upon a single thread of flax, perhaps, at this moment, the destinies of this continent may hang. We cannot allow for future revelations and possibilities. We have got to take the present as it is, and work in it; and that present, even in Massachusetts, is dead against the life of freedom, the purposes of freedom, and the hope of freedom; and if you see it differently, it is because you do not know Massachusetts—do not see how far off we are from realizing that great, determined uprising of the people in behalf of freedom about which we dream. We talk as if we had it, even now; but we have not got it. Every man is willing to talk about freedom, many to vote for it. Every man is ready to denounce votes given for slavery in Congress, and goes on denouncing, until he, or his first cousin, gets a seat in Congress, and then he gives the same vote, or turns round and applauds it. I now take no satisfaction in hearing men abuse politicians. I have heard so much of it, that I am tired. I am like the old lady who complained that she could not even take comfort in her newspaper. “Why,” said she, “I do not even enjoy my *murders*, now!” So I do not even enjoy being in at the death of a politician butchered, whether annihilated by the sledge-hammer of THEODORE PARKER or the silver lancet of WENDELL PHILLIPS. I know all that. I know what has become of the Halletts of the past. I remember, that on a certain day, when our friend PARKER was discharged by the United States Court, Mr. Hallett stepped up to him and said—“Well, Mr. PARKER, you have got out at last; but it was through a very small knot-hole.” I did not hear Mr. PARKER’s reply, I was not near enough; but I suppose he told Mr. Hallett that he ought to be a good judge of that process. I know what has become of the Hil-

lards, also, (I am sorry their names all begin with H,) who once had words to utter even before committees of the Legislature in behalf of freedom, and who now cringe before "the hand that feeds them," by their own confession, and go to Whig Conventions in Worcester, to prove that there is too much Anti-Slavery in Massachusetts already! I know what has become of these little men; but I do not care for them. My concern is, what stronger and better men, men who have consciences, are going to do. Will they do any better? If Massachusetts is to be saved, it is not to be saved by politicians; it is to be saved by you, who make politicians. Yes, this hall, small as it is, is sufficiently large to hold men and women enough to revolutionize Massachusetts, to revolutionize the nation, if this handful could summon hearts and energies to do the work their reason tells them ought to be done.

But how is it now? How is it even with us, Anti-Slavery men and women? Are we ready to make sacrifices? Some of us, perhaps, will say, in our self-complacency, "O, yes; I gave a dollar to a fugitive slave last week." And precisely what I contend against is, the low idea we have of what constitutes self-sacrifice. I will go far away for an example, and show what can be done in a cause not intrinsically noble. Look at those men and women in Scotland, who for centuries, I might almost say, with only brief intervals, brought up their children, generation after generation, with no other dream in their souls except the laying down of peace, and property, and life, in behalf of the exiled Stuarts. No great idea was there; no deep principle of liberty; not even a great man to rally round. Yet there was not a father, who, in those times, left his castle or his hut, who did not know, that before he came back to it at night, it was an even chance that it might be levelled with the ground, and his wife and children dead on the door-step. There was not a woman in those days, who saw her husband or lover or son leave her in the morning, who did not know that when she waved her farewell from the window of cottage or castle, it might be for the last time! Talk of sacrifices! Whole clans, whole tribes, laid life and property a daily sacrifice—they died daily, and for what? For a foolish line of legitimate, dethroned kings! And we, with the greatest of all principles to sustain, with three millions of fellow-men and women in the most fearful

of all bondage, with a whole nation failing and dying for the want of the redemption which we must give, — why, we actually descend to count the sacrifices we make ! We actually, if we have made sacrifices, remember them, and allow others to speak of them ; — and they are so few, that they can be mentioned !

My friends, even in the greatest self-devotion, there is something more to be learned, and we have got it to learn. PASSMORE WILLIAMSON is in his prison, and Massachusetts men are quiet, and go about their daily business ; and if he were in prison in Boston, it would be very nearly the same thing. In Kansas, the liberty of white men is struck down, and held at the point of the bayonet, and here in Massachusetts we sympathize — in the abstract ! But when a brave man comes here to raise money to arm with Sharp's rifles, his company of a hundred Kansas farmers, does he find a " material aid " at all commensurate with his expectations ? Alas, no ! I have a sad letter which tells the contrary, but I will not read it, " lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice." But you cannot wonder if members of Congress, statesmen, refuse to sacrifice their places for freedom, when we will not sacrifice our purses. We cannot wonder at the selfishness of Hunkers, when we remember our own !

I tell you, the *fanatics* have something to learn. (I am standing with my back on those old Abolitionists, who have made the past sacrifices, and still make them — I am preaching to *you*, who sit before me, — to you, who have got the sacrifices of the future to make, — to you, who are not yet prepared to make them.) Are the times of danger all passed ? I do not know about that. I was not present at the meeting we celebrate ; it all passed over me as wars and perils pass unconscious over the heads of boys at school ; but I shall never forget the trumpet note that thrilled my soul when I first read the record of this day in the description of HARRIET MARTINEAU, and of that yet more heroic woman, whose praise has not been mentioned as it should have been this afternoon, — MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, — I shall never forget, I say, the thrill that went over me then, nor the sigh that succeeded it — for I did not know then as much as I know now — when I said to myself — " O dear ! that is all passed and gone, and Anti-Slavery is easy

work now: there is nothing more to be dared and done." And when I read afterwards, in Emerson's brave words, that "self-sacrifice need never wait long for an opportunity to try its edge," it came as a new hope; — there might be an opportunity yet. And, even in these later times, we *have* opportunities.

Mr. PHILLIPS told us, that on this day, twenty years ago, the military could not protect the meeting, because "the guns were outside in the mob — or the men who should have carried them." There has been a time since, when the men were on the outside, *and the guns too*; and as surely as this earth turns on its axis, that time will come again! And it is for you, men who hear me, to think what you will do when that time comes; and it is for you, women who hear me, to think what you will do — and what you are willing, — I will not say, to *consent* that those you love should do, — but what you are willing to *urge* them to do, and to send them from your homes, knowing that they will do it, whether they live or die.

I am speaking of realities now; of real dangers and duties here in Boston, that appeal to all, — to non-resistants as much as any others; and in speaking of these, I have said enough. But, I say, in closing, if there is any young man here who is not prepared to devote himself to the doing of such duties, he had better meet the issue now, for this night the duty may be required of him. And I say, yet more, that as the devotion of Hannibal, and his life-long hostility to Rome, were built up by his mother in his childhood, when she brought him to the altar in the temple, and day by day pledged him there anew; so we have in vain come here to-day, to this honored spot, unless our last act is to touch *its* consecrated altar, and pledge ourselves to Freedom once again and for ever!

At the conclusion of Mr. HIGGINSON'S remarks, OLIVER JOHNSON, of New York, associate editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, said, — "It has been to me a source of deep regret, that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, and of the whole country, could not have been present to catch the spirit of this meeting. I came from New York to attend it, and I am a thousand times rewarded. I desire to disseminate as widely as possible the spirit which has

here prevailed; and in order that I may do so, I propose that we shall take measures to publish these proceedings, not only in *The Liberator* and *The Standard*, but in pamphlet form, for general circulation, and especially in this city, where there are thousands of men who know more or less of the history of that mob, who will read the account of this meeting with deep interest, and I believe it will do great good. I therefore propose that a collection be now taken, to be devoted to that purpose."

HENRY C. WRIGHT moved that a Committee of five be appointed by the Chair, to carry out the suggestion of Mr. JOHNSON, with authority to include in the pamphlet such further account of the mob, and its antecedents, as they think proper.

This motion was carried unanimously, and the following gentlemen appointed that Committee:—OLIVER JOHNSON, SAMUEL MAY, Jr., R. H. OBER, ROBERT B. ROGERS, AUSTIN BEARSE.

Mr. GARRISON then read an extract from a letter written, within a few years, by Mr. Homer, former editor of the *Commercial Gazette*, to whom frequent reference has been heretofore made. In this letter, Mr. H. expresses his regret at the part he took in stimulating the mob, and states that he got no thanks for it from the South, and offended many of his Northern subscribers. There is no paymaster in the universe, said Mr. Garrison, so sure and good as God, and none so bad as the Adversary.

Mr. G. further remarked, that he had received, that afternoon, a beautiful bouquet, from some colored friends residing in Salem, as a token of their regard. Twenty years ago, he was presented with a halter, by "gentlemen of property and standing" in Boston. He had accepted that joyfully; but the present of to-day, with the feelings it evinced, would repay, and overpay, all that any man could do in such a struggle.

In conclusion, Mr. Garrison stated that the carpenter's shop from which he was taken by the mob was occupied by JOSEPH K. HAYES, the man who so nobly threw up his commission as a police officer, rather than assist in the rendition of ANTHONY BURNS. He (Mr. H.) not only closed the doors of his shop and barred them, but gallantly endeavored to keep the mob back. The man who could do that in 1835, of course would refuse to send a man into slavery in 1855.

The following hymn was then sung, to the tune of "Lenox":

Ho! children of the brave,
Ho! freemen of the land,
That hurled into the grave
Oppression's bloody band!
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free!

Let coward vassals sneak
From Freedom's battle still,
Poltroons that dare not speak
But as their masters will!
Come on, come on, and joined be we
To make the fettered bondman free!

On parchment, scroll, and creed,
With human life-blood red,
Untrembling at the deed,
Plant firm your manly tread!
Let despots howl, their minions rave,
Yet we will free the fettered slave!

The tyrant's scorn is vain,
In vain the slanderer's breath!
We'll rush to break the chain,
E'en on the jaws of death!
Hurrah! hurrah! right on go we,
The fettered slave shall yet be free!

Right on, in Freedom's name,
And in the strength of God,
Wipe out the damning stain,
And break th' Oppressor's rod!
Hurrah! hurrah! right on go we,
The fettered slave shall yet be free!

Brief remarks followed from Mr. ALEXANDER WILSON, of Boston, and Rev. CHARLES SPEAR, at the conclusion of which, the company (at a few minutes past six o'clock) dispersed.

APPENDIX.

LETTER FROM FRANCIS JACKSON TO THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TO THE LADIES OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY :

Having with deep regret and mortification observed the manner your Society has been treated by a portion of the community, and especially by some of our public journals — and approving as I do most cordially the objects of your Association — I offer you the use of my dwelling-house in Hollis street, for the purpose of holding your annual meeting, or for any other meeting.

Such accommodations as I have are at your service; and I assure you it affords me great pleasure to extend this slight testimony of my regard for a Society whose objects are second to none other in this city.

With great respect and esteem,

FRANCIS JACKSON.

BOSTON, Oct. 23, 1835.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, November 21, 1835.

FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ. :

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday, at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, I was directed, by a unanimous vote, to express to you the high sense which the Board entertains of your generosity and noble independence, in proffering, as you did, unsolicited, the use and protection of your dwelling-house to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, when they had just been expelled by lawless violence from a public hall. The duty thus assigned me, Sir, it is far more delightful to undertake, than it will be for me to perform in a suitable manner. If any thing should awaken our gratitude and high admiration, it is the conduct of a man who steps forth and takes a decided stand in resistance to the multitude, when they are rioting in the way of evil, countenanced and encouraged by the rich and influential, faintly resisted by the rulers of the people, and scarcely reproved even by the guardians of the public morals.

Such a man, like a rock fallen into a rapid stream, may turn the whole current of popular thought and feeling, preserve the ancient landmarks, and avert devastation and ruin.

The outrages recently committed in various places, but especially in this city, will be an epoch not merely in the history of the Anti-Slavery cause, but of our country. They have revealed, so that the blind may see, the alarming state of our guilty land. If this disclosure does not arouse the people to reassert and vindicate their rights, then are they already *slaves in spirit*—and are fitted to become themselves the abject subjects of some despot, who will ere long arise and make his will their law. The citizens of Boston have presumed to do what the Constitution of the United States peremptorily forbids even Congress to attempt. *They have "abridged the freedom of speech."* *They have trampled upon "the right of the people peaceably to assemble."* The apathy of our city government, and the tone of our newspapers, (with two or three honorable exceptions,) are indeed ominous of evil; but I cannot yet despair of Boston or our country. Other minds, I know, were affected as yours was, by the late exhibition of the spirit of anarchy in our midst; and I trust many more, whom I do not know, have been likewise moved. I will not believe that there are not yet many left, in this birthplace of the American Revolution, who understand on what is based the security of our civil and religious privileges, and who duly appreciate the importance of maintaining principle and law, and justice and order.

I doubt not, Sir, that your noble example will quicken others to manifest openly their attachment to what is dearer to *true freemen* than houses and lands, and all earthly riches and honors.

I am, Sir, with gratitude and sincere respect, yours,

SAMUEL J. MAY,

Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

Boston, November 25, 1835.

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your highly esteemed letter of the 21st inst., written in behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and expressing, in very flattering terms, their approbation of my conduct, in granting to the ladies of the Anti-Slavery Society the use of my dwelling-house for their annual meeting.

That meeting was, to all present, a most interesting and impressive one. It will ever be treasured by me among the highly pleasing recollections of my life, that it was my good fortune to extend to those respectable ladies the protection of my roof, after they had been reviled, insulted, and driven from their own hall by a mob.

But in tendering them the use of my dwelling-house, Sir, I not only had in view their accommodation, but also, according to my humble measure, to recover and perpetuate the right of free discussion, which has been shamefully trampled on. A great principle has been assailed; one which lies at the very foundation of our republican institutions.

If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land — if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and “pass by on the other side” — so it must be.

But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write, and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind — so it must not be — so it shall not be, if I for one can prevent it. Upon this great right let us hold on at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house, at least, shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth — let them fall, if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipped into silence.

Mobs and gag laws, and the other contrivances by which fraud or force would stifle inquiry, will not long work well in this community. They betray the essential rottenness of the cause they are meant to strengthen. These outrages are doing their work with the reflecting.

Happily, one point seems already to be gaining universal assent, that slavery cannot long survive free discussion. Hence the efforts of the friends and apologists of slavery to break down this right. And hence the immense stake which the enemies of slavery hold, in behalf of freedom and mankind, in its preservation. The contest is therefore substantially between Liberty and Slavery.

As slavery cannot exist with free discussion, so neither can liberty breathe without it. Losing this, we too shall be no longer freemen indeed, but little if at all superior to the millions we now seek to emancipate.

With the highest respect, your friend,

FRANCIS JACKSON.

Rev. S. J. MAX, *Corresponding Secretary of Mass. A. S. Society.*



LETTERS FROM GEORGE THOMPSON.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, October 22, 1835.

MY BELOVED BROTHER GARRISON:

The news has reached me of yesterday's proceedings in Boston. I rejoice that you have escaped the jaws of the lion, and are yet among the living — the living to praise God. To him let us render our humble acknowledgments. May you be sustained under your present afflictions, and survive to behold the triumph of those principles which you have for some years lived only to advocate! I sympathize with you, and every sufferer in our holy cause, and could almost envy you the honor of having been assailed by a blood-thirsty multitude. Put your trust in that Being who smiles at the wrath of men, and will cause it to advance His glory.

After all, what have our enemies done? what have their tar and feathers, their demolitions, their lacerations, scourgings and hangings effected? Have they extinguished *the truth*? No. Have they shaken our *principles*? No. Have they proved *wrong* to be *right*; *falsehood*, *truth*; *cruelty*, *kindness*; or *slavery*, *liberty*? No. Have they shaken the throne of the Eternal? Have they palsied the arm of Omnipotence? Have they stopped the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, that the cry of the slave cannot enter? No! None of these things have occurred. *Our principles live*, and are triumphing in every direction. The God of the American slave sits high on his throne, counting the sighs and groans of his people, and will come down to deliver. Abolitionists live, and multiply, and daily wax stronger and stronger in the work of mercy they have laid hold upon, nor can any scourges our enemies can plait, nor any gibbets they can erect, be aught but the emblem of their own infatuation and madness.

I think I see the end of these outbreaks. The opposers of this cause have themselves a bitter lesson to learn. They will rouse a spirit which will speedily turn and rend them, when it is too late to prevent it. Let them make mob law paramount to all other law, and those respectable instigators will at no distant day be destroyed by the recoil of their own weapons.

Our cause advances rapidly, majestically, and gloriously — who can stay its course?

I have not time to write more. My heart is with you. As the soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, so is my soul to your soul. Your joys, sorrows, perils, persecutions, friends and foes, are mine. May God direct us in this crisis, and enable us with meekness and wisdom to do his perfect will, and cheerfully suffer every thing which awaits us!

Your unalterably attached friend and brother,

GEO. THOMPSON.

THURSDAY EVENING, October 22, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW-LABORER IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM FOR TWO MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND AMERICAN SLAVES:

Since despatching the few hasty lines which I wrote you on receipt of the news of yesterday's proceedings in Boston, I have yielded to a strong impulse to address you a longer communication, more fully expressive of the views and feelings with which the signs of the times have inspired me. I despair, however, of finding words to express adequately the deep sympathy I cherish with you in the midst of your trials and persecutions, and the feelings of my soul, as I contemplate passing events, and follow out to its ultimate results the headlong wickedness of this generation. Surely, we can enter somewhat into the experience of the lamenting prophet, when he exclaimed, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sins of this people!"

How unutterably affecting is a view of the present aspect of the country! The enslavement of the colored population seems to be but one of a hideous host

of evils, threatening, in their combined influence, the overthrow of the fairest prospects of this wide republic. Of the abolition of slavery I feel certain. Its doom is sealed. I read it in the holy and inflexible resolves of thousands who are coming up to the contest with the spirit of martyrs, and in the strength and under the leadership of Jehovah. I read it in the blind fury and unmitigated malignity of Southern tyrants and their Northern participants in crime. I read it in the gathering frown and bursting indignation of Christendom. The consummation of our hopes draws nigh. The times are pregnant with great events. America must witness another revolution, and the second will be far more illustrious in its results than the first. The second will be a moral revolution; a struggle for higher, holier, more catholic, more patriotic principles: and the weapons of our warfare will not be carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. During the progress of this latter revolution will be witnessed the advent of "Liberty," in the true sense of that now much abused and perverted name:—

"O spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!"

While, however, I have no fears respecting the ultimate effectuation of the object so dear to our hearts, I have many fears for the perpetuity of this nation as a Republic, for the continuance of these States as a Union, for the existence of that Constitution, which, properly respected and maintained, would bless the country and the world. These fears do not arise from any tendency to such results in the principles of abolition, in themselves considered. Those principles are conservative of the peace, and happiness, and security of the nation; and, if voluntarily acted upon, would heal many of the feuds and animosities which have endangered the integrity of the Union. My fears are founded upon the symptoms, every where exhibited, of an approach to mob-supremacy, and consequent anarchy. In every direction, I see the minority prostrate before the majority; who, despite of law, the Constitution, and natural equity, put their heel upon the neck of the weaker portion, and perpetrate every enormity in the name of "public opinion." "Public opinion" is at this hour the demon of oppression, harnessing to the ploughshare of ruin the ignorant and interested opposers of the truth, in every section of this Heaven-favored, but mob-cursed land. Already the Constitution lies prostrate—an insulted, wounded, impotent form. A thousand hands are daily uplifted to send assassin daggers to its heart. Look on the pages of the daily press, and say if traitors to liberty and the Constitution are not sedulously schooling a hoodwinked multitude to commit a suicidal act upon their own boasted freedom! Count (if they can be counted) the disturbances occurring all over the land, and say, is not mob-supremacy the order of the day? Where is the freedom of speech? where the right of association? where the security of national conveyances? where the inviolability of personal liberty? where the sanctity of the domestic circle? where the protection of property? where the prerogatives of the judge? where the trial by jury? Gone, or fast disappearing. The minority in every place speak, and write, and meet, and walk, at the peril of their lives. I speak not now exclusively of the Anti-Abolition mania, which has more recently displayed itself with all its froth and foam, and thirst for spoliation and blood. I have in mind the Anti-Mormonism of Missouri, and its accompa-

nying heart-rending persecutions—the *Anti-Anti-Masonic* fury, with the abduction of Morgan, and its other grim features of destruction and death—the burning zeal of *Anti-Temperance*, with its bonfires and effigies, and its innumerable assaults upon persons and property—the *Anti-Gambling* and the *Anti-Insurrection* tragedies of Southern States, with their awful waste of human life, and the frequent sacrifice of the blood of innocent victims. But time would fail to tell of *Anti-Whig*, and *Anti-Jackson*, and *Anti-Convent*, and *Anti-Bank*, and *Anti-Kean*, and *Anti-Anderson*, and *Anti-Graham*, and *Anti-Joel Parker*, and *Anti-Cheever*, and *Anti-Colored School*, and *Anti-House of Ill-fame* riots, with all the other anti-men and anti-women, anti-black, and anti-red, and anti-meat and anti-drink riots, and mobs, and persecutions, which have distinguished this age and land of revivals, and missions, and Bible Societies, and educational operations, and liberty, and independence, and equality! Suffice it to say, that, for some years past, all who have dared to act, or think aloud, in opposition to the will of the majority, have held their property and being dependent on the clemency of a mob. Were I a citizen of this country, and did there seem no escape from such a dreadful state of things—if I did not, on behalf of the righteous and consistent, (for, thank God, there are thousands of such, who cease not day nor night to weep and pray for their country,) hope and believe for brighter days and better deeds, I should choose to own the dominion of the darkest despot that ever sealed the lips of truth, or made the soul of a slave tremble at his glance. If I must be a slave, if my lips must wear a padlock, if I must crouch and crawl, let it be before an hereditary tyrant. Let me see around me the symbols of royalty, the bayonets of a standing army, the frowning battlements of a Bastile. Let me breathe the air of a country where the divine right of kings to govern wrong is acknowledged and respected. Let me know what is the sovereign will and pleasure of the one man I am taught to fear and serve. Let me not see my rights, and property, and liberties, scattered to the same breeze that floats the flag of freedom. Let me not be sacrificed to the demon of despotism, while laying hold upon the horns of an altar dedicated to “FREEDOM and EQUALITY!” I hope, however, for the best; I trust to see the people saved from their infatuation and madness. I look very much to the spread of *Anti-Slavery* principles for the salvation of the country, for they are the principles of righteous government—they are a foundation for order, and peace, and just laws, and equitable administration; and those who embrace them will be likely to act wisely and righteously upon other great questions.

A MOB IN BOSTON!! and such a mob!!! Thirty ladies completely routed, and a board six feet by two utterly demolished, by three thousand or four thousand respectable ruffians, in broad daylight and broad-cloth! Glorious achievement! and, as it deserved to be, regularly Gazetted! Indeed, this noble army of gentlemanly savages had all the customary adjuncts of civilized warfare. There were “Posts,” and “Centinels,” and “Couriers,” and “Gazettes,” and a “HOMER,” too, to celebrate their praise!

A mob in Boston! The birth-place of the Revolution—the Cradle of Liberty! A mob in Washington (!) street, Boston, TO PUT DOWN FREE DISCUSSION!

“Hung be the heavens with black!”

Shrouded in midnight be the height of Bunker! Let the bells of the Old South

and Brattle Street be muffled, and let the knell of the country's boasted honor and liberty be rung! Ye hearty veterans of the Revolution! clothe yourselves in sackcloth! strew ashes on your heads, and mourn your country's downfall!

"For what is left the patriot here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear!"

Would that you had died, ere the sad truth was demonstrated, that you fought and bled in vain!

A mob in Boston! O, tell it not in St. Petersburg! publish it not in the streets of Constantinople! But it will be told; it will be published. The damning fact will ring through all the haunts of despotism, and will be a cordial to the heart of Metternich, sweet music in the ears of the haughty Czar, and a prophetic note of triumph to the sovereign Pontiff. What American lip will henceforth dare to breathe a sentence of condemnation against the bulls of the Pope, or the edicts of the Autocrat? Should a tongue wag in affected sympathy for the denationalized Pole, the outlawed Greek, the wretched Serf, or any of the priest-ridden or king-ridden victims of Europe, will not a voice come thundering over the billows—

"Base hypocrites! let your charity begin at home! Look at your own Carolinas! Go, pour the balm of consolation into the broken hearts of your two millions of enslaved children! Rebuke the murderers of Vicksburg! Reckon with the felons of Charleston! Restore the contents of rifled mail-bags! Heal the lacerations, still festering, on the ploughed backs of your citizens! Dissolve the star-chambers of Virginia! Tell the confederated assassins of Alabama and Mississippi to disband! Call to judgment the barbarians of Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and Concord, and Haverhill, and Lynn, and Montpelier, and the well-dressed mobocrats of Utica, and Salem, and Boston! Go, ye praters about the soul-destroying ignorance of Romanism, gather again the scattered schools of Canterbury and Canaan! Get the clerical minions of Southern taskmasters to rescind their 'Resolutions' of withholding knowledge from immortal Americans! Rend the veil of legal enactments, by which the beams of light divine are hidden from millions who are left to grope their way through darkness here to everlasting blackness beyond the grave! Go, shed your 'patriotic' tears over the infamy of your country, amid the ruins of yonder Convent! Go, proud and sentimental Bostonians, preach clemency to the respectable horde who are dragging forth for immolation one of your own citizens! Cease your anathemas against the Vatican, and screw your courage up to resist the worse than papal bulls of Georgia, demanding, at the peril of your 'bread and butter,' the 'HEADS' of your citizens, and the passage of GAG-LAWS! Before you rail at arbitrary power in foreign regions, save your own citizens from the felonious interception of their correspondence; and teach the sworn and paid servants of the Republic the obligations of an oath, and the guaranteed rights of a free people! Send not your banners to Poland, but tear them into shreds, to be distributed to the mob, as halters for your sons! When, next July, you rail at mitres, and crosiers, and sceptres, and denounce the bowstring, and the bayonet, and the fagot, let your halls be decorated with plaited scourges, wet with the blood of the sons of the Pilgrims—let the tar cauldron smoke—the gibbet rear

aloft its head — and cats, and bloodhounds,* (the brute auxiliaries of Southern Liberty men,) howl and bark in unison with the demoniacal ravings of a 'gentlemanly mob' — while above the Orator of the day, and beneath the striped and starry banner, stand forth in characters of blood, the distinctive mottoes of the age :

Down with Discussion!
Lynch Law Triumphant!
Slavery For Ever!
Hail, Columbia!

Before you weep over the wrongs of Greece, go wash the gore out of your national shambles — appease the frantic mother, robbed of her only child, the centre of her hopes, and joys, and sympathies — restore to yon desolate husband the wife of his bosom — abolish the slave marts of Alexandria, the human flesh auctions of Richmond and New Orleans — 'undo the heavy burdens,' 'break every yoke,' and stand forth to the gaze of the world, not steeped in infamy and rank with blood, but in the posture of penitence and prayer, a free and regenerated nation !"

Such, truly, are the bitter reproaches with which every breeze from a distant land might be justly freighted. How long — in the name of outraged humanity I ask, how long shall they be deserved? Are the people greedy of a world's execration? or have they any sense of shame — any blush of patriotism left? Each day the flagrant inconsistency and gross wickedness of the nation are becoming more widely and correctly known. Already, on foreign shores, the lovers of corruption and despotism are referring with exultation to the recent bloody dramas in the South, and the pro-slavery meetings and mobs of the country generally, in proof of "the dangerous tendency of Democratic principles." How long shall the deeds of America clog the wheels of the car of Universal Freedom? Vain is every boast — acts speak louder than words. While

"Columbia's sons are bought and sold;"

while citizens of America are murdered without trial; while persons and property are at the mercy of a mob; while city authorities are obliged to make conces-

* See the accounts, in Southern newspapers, of a "curious mode of punishment" recently introduced, called "CAT-HAULING." The victim is stretched upon his face, and a cat, thrown upon his bare shoulders, is dragged to the bottom of the back. This is continued till the body is "lacerated."

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Register says that Mr. Earl, one of the victims of mobocracy in Mississippi, was tortured a whole night to elicit confession. The brutal and hellish tormentors laid Mr. Earl upon his face, and drew a cat tail foremost across his body!! He hung himself soon after in jail.

See also the accounts of the Mississippi murders given by a correspondent of the Charleston Courier, dating his letter Tyger (how appropriate!) Bayou, Madison County, Miss. The following is an extract:—"Andrew Boyd, a conspirator, was required by the Committee of Safety, and Mr. Dickerson, Hiram Reynolds, and Hiram Perkins (since killed) were ordered to arrest him. They discovered he was flying, and immediately commenced the pursuit, with a pack of TRAINED HOUNDS. He miraculously effected his deliverance from his pursuers, after swimming Big Black River, and running through cane-brakes and swamps until night-fall, when the party called off THE DOGS. Early next morning they renewed the chase, and started Boyd one mile from whence they had called off the dogs. But he effected his escape on horse, (fortune throwing one in his way,) THE HOUNDS not being accustomed to that training, after he quit the bush."

sions to a bloody-minded multitude, and finally incarcerate unoffending citizens to save them from a violent death; while "gentlemen of standing and property" are in unholy league to effect the abduction and destruction of a "foreigner," the head and front of whose offending is, that he is laboring to save the country from its worst foe; while assemblages of highly respectable citizens, comprising large numbers of the clergy, and some of the judges of the land, are interrupted and broken up, and the houses of God in which they meet attacked in open day by thousands of men, armed with all the implements of demolition; while the entire South presents one great scene of slavery and slaughter; and while the North deeply sympathize with their "Southern brethren," sanction their deeds of felony and murder, and obsequiously do their bidding, by hunting down their own fellow-citizens who dare to plead for equal rights; and, finally, while hundreds of the ministers of Christ, of every denomination, are making common cause with the plunderer of his species; yea, themselves reduce God's image to the level of the brute, and glory in their shame; I say, while these things exist, professions and boasts are "sounding brass;" men will learn to loathe the name of Republicanism, and deem it synonymous with mob despotism, and the foulest oppression on the face of the globe!

A word to the opposers of the cause of emancipation. You must stop in your career of persecution, or proceed to still darker deeds and wider desolations. At present, you have done nothing but help us. You have, it is true, made a sincere, though impotent attempt to please your masters at the South. The Abolitionists have risen, after every attempt to crush them, with greater energy and in greater numbers. They are still speaking; they are still writing; still praying; still weeping, (not over *their sufferings*, but *your sins*) — they are working in public and in private, by day and by night — they are sustained by principles you do not (because you *will* not) understand, principles drawn pure from the throne of God — they have meat to eat which you know not of, and live, and are nourished, and are strong, while you wonder that they do not wither under your frown, and fall into annihilation before the thunderbolts of your wrath. Some of you have conversed with them. What think you of the Abolitionists? of their moral courage — their tact in argument — their knowledge of the Scriptures — their interpretation of the Constitution? Have you found them ignorant? Have you found them weak? Have you not often been driven to your wits' end by the probing questions or ready answers of these silly and deluded women and children? How, then, do you expect to conquer? If finally by the sword, why delay? Commence the work of butchery to-day. Every hour you procrastinate, witnesses an increase of your victims, a defection from your ranks, and an augmentation in numbers and influence of those you wish to destroy. You profess to be republicans. Have you ever asked yourselves what you are doing for the principles you profess to revere? In the name of sacred Liberty, I call upon you to pause. I conjure you,

"By every hallowed name,
That ever led your sires to fame" —

pause, and see whither your present deeds are tending. Be honest — be just — just to yourselves, just to us, before you condemn us, still more, before you seek to destroy us. "Search us, and know our hearts; try us, and know our thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in us." Condemn us not unheard. "Strike,

but hear." Remember, too, that your violence will effect nothing while the liberty of the press remains. While the principles and opinions of Abolitionists, as promulgated in their journals, are carried on the wings of the wind over sea and land, you do but give a wider circulation to those principles and opinions by your acts of violence and blood. You awaken the desire, the determination, to know and understand what "these babblers say." Be prepared, therefore, to violate the Constitution by annihilating the Liberty of the Press.

In this place, it may not be inappropriate to introduce a passage from an able letter, recently addressed by the eloquent M. de Chateaubriand to the French Chamber of Deputies, while that body was advocating the recent law for imposing severe restrictions on the French press:—

"I could (says he) if I wished, crush you under the weight of your origin, and show you to be faithless to yourselves, to your past actions and language. But I spare you the reproaches which the whole world heaps upon you. I call not upon you to give an account of the oaths you have taken. I will merely tell you that you have not arrived at the end of your task, and that, in the perilous career you have entered upon—following the example of other governments which have met with destruction—you must go on till you arrive at the abyss. You have done nothing till you establish the censorship; nothing but that can be efficacious against the liberty of the press. A violent law may kill the man, but the censorship alone kills the idea, and this latter it is which ruins your system. Be prepared, then, to establish the censorship, and be assured that on the day on which you do establish it, you will perish."

In concluding this lengthened communication, let me exhort you, my beloved brother, to "be of good cheer," and to exercise unwavering confidence in the God you serve—the God of Jacob, and of Elijah, and of Daniel, of all who, with singleness, prefer the faithful discharge of duty, and its consequences, to the suggestions of expediency, and the favor of the world. He is able to deliver you in the hour of peril, and give you the victory over all your enemies. To Him resort for refuge. He will be a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. To all, who, with you, are waging this holy war, I would say:—Let not passing events move you! The turbulence and malignity of your opponents prove the potency and purity of your cause. But yesterday, the Abolitionists were esteemed few, mean, silly, and contemptible. Now, they are of sufficient importance to arouse and fix the attention of the entire country, and earth and hell are ransacked for weapons and recruits, with which to fight the ignorant, imbecile, superannuated and besotted believers in the doctrine of immediate emancipation. This is a good sign—an unequivocal compliment to the divinity of your principles. "Ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Let your motto be, "ONWARDS!" You have already accomplished much. You have awakened the country from its guilty slumber. You can reckon upon three hundred Auxiliary Associations, embracing a large portion of the effective moral energy of the land. The churches of the North are taking right ground upon the question. The principles of abolition are diffused through most of the seminaries of learning. The females of America are nobly devoting themselves to this work

of mercy, regardless of the malignity of their heartless and unmanly persecutors. Onwards, therefore! A few years will witness an entire change in the sentiments of the American people; and those who are now drawn up in opposition to your philanthropic movement, will blush to acknowledge the dishonorable part they have enacted. A voice from the other side of the Atlantic says, Onwards! You are supported by the prayers and sympathies of Great Britain. The Abolitionists of the British empire are with you. They are the friends of the peace, happiness and glory of your country, and earnestly desire the arrival of the day, when, having achieved a victory over slavery on this continent, you will join them in efforts for its abolition throughout the world. While you pray fervently for strength in the day of conflict, pray also for grace to bear yourselves with meekness and charity towards those who oppose you. Pursue your holy object in the spirit of Christ, "giving no offence in any thing, that the (cause) be not (justly) blamed, but in all things approving yourselves as the servants of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold you live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

Your affectionate friend,
and devoted fellow-laborer,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

(From the *Liberator* of Oct. 24th, 1835.)

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Joy to thee, Son of Trial! and so soon
Hath it been given thee thy faith to prove?
Joy! so may Heaven only grant this boon,
That nought on earth thy steadfastness may move!
Yet when, but yesternight, I saw thee go,
Surrounded by that fierce, insensate throng,
Drunk with the wine of wrath, for evil strong,
I felt my soul with bitterest fears o'erflow.
Oh! with what earnestness of passion went
Forth from my heart, my whole soul after thee!
I knew that, though to bonds and prison sent,
Thou from all stain of evil still wert free;
Yet a strange feeling, half of joy, arose,
That friend of mine should have such men his foes.

October 22, 1835.

REMINISCENCES.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. NELL.

EN ROUTE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BOSTON, }
 October 21, 1855. }

RESPECTED FRIEND:

Being unavoidably absent from home during your commemoration of the second decade of the Boston or Garrison Mob, I reconciled myself mainly by the fact, that thereby I had the opportunity afforded me of visiting that victim of judicial despotism and slaveholding arbitration, PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

Twenty years ago this day, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, for promulgating the idea of immediate emancipation, was delivered from the murderous hands of a Boston mob, composed of "gentlemen of property and standing," into Leverett Street Jail; and at this hour, PASSMORE WILLIAMSON endures martyrdom in Moyamensing Prison for his application of immediate emancipation to Jane Johnson and her two boys from her self-styled owner, John H. Wheeler.

My reflections upon the two historical events of 1835 and 1855, induced my noting down the following reminiscences, hoping space may be found for them in your published report.

I well remember the emphatically cloudy day, October 21, 1835, and the various scenes and incidents which characterised it, shrouding with indelible disgrace and infamy my native city.

A friend of mine then boarded at a house in Boylston street, where, at the tea-table that evening, were assembled many Boston merchants. The Abolition Mob was the theme of conversation; and while a majority evinced their proslavery spirit by approving of what had occurred, two gentlemen warmly dissented, — one of whom, DAVID TILDEN, Esq., immediately became a subscriber to *The Liberator*, and so continued until his decease, a few years since.

A sister of the coachman who so adroitly eluded the mob, and landed Mr. Garrison safely at the jail, often alluded to the impression made by that hour upon her brother.

I have obtained the following facts from colored Anti-Slavery friends, whose feelings were deeply moved on the occasion.

JOHN T. HILTON accompanied DAVID H. ELA (a printer in Cornhill, since deceased) to the meeting. They found the stairs impassable, in consequence of the crowd, and an altercation ensued. Mr. Ela was struck a severe blow by a man who rebuked him for upholding Abolitionists and "niggers." He resisted, until the parties were separated by the crowd rushing to seize Garrison in Wilson's Lane. The women came down the stairs amidst the hootings and insults of the mob. Two prominent men were engaged in tearing down the sign. Mr. Hilton heard a printer inform the mob where Garrison was secreted, in the rear of the building, where he (Mr. H.) went with the rest, to do what he could to rescue him, or, at all events, to be at his side. He saw Mr. Garrison dragged into State street, divested of coat and hat, and did not leave until Sheriff Parkman had him in the City Hall.

JOHN BOYER VASHON, of Pittsburg, Pa., was an eye-witness to the terrible scene, which was heart-rending beyond his ability ever afterwards to express, as, of all living men, JOHN B. VASHON loved WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON most; and this feeling of affection continued, for aught that is known, to the day of his death. When the mob passed along Washington street, shouting and yelling like madmen, the apprehensions of Mr. Vashon became fearfully aroused. Presently there approached a group which appeared even more infuriated than the rest, and he beheld, in the midst of this furious throng, Garrison himself, led on like a beast to the slaughter. He had been on the field of battle, had faced the cannon's mouth, seen its lightnings flash and heard its thunders roar, but such a sight as this was more than the old citizen soldier could bear, without giving vent to a flood of tears. The next day, the old soldier, who had helped to preserve his country's liberty on the plighted faith of security to his own, but who had lived to witness freedom of speech and of the press stricken down by mob violence, and life itself in jeopardy, because that liberty was asked for him and his, with spirits crushed and faltering hopes, called to administer a word of consolation to the bold and courageous young advocate of immediate and universal emancipation. Mr. Garrison subsequently thus referred to this circumstance in his paper:—"On the day of the riot in Boston, he dined at my house, and the next morning called to see me in prison, bringing with him a new hat for me, in the place of one that was cut in pieces by the knives of men of property and standing."

REV. JAMES E. CRAWFORD, now of Nantucket, boarded in Boston at the time of the mob, and, walking up State street, suddenly encountered the riotous multitude. On learning that Mr. Garrison was mobbed for words and deeds in behalf of the enslaved colored man, his heart and soul became fully dedicated to the cause of immediate emancipation.

At a meeting of colored citizens, held in Boston, August 27th, 1855, on the subject of Equal School Rights, WILLIAM H. LOGAN alluded to his receiving from Sheriff Parkman, soon after the mob, a pair of pantaloons, (or the remnants thereof,) which had been torn from Mr. Garrison during the struggle. Mr. G. being present at the meeting, remarked, that, until that moment, he had never known what became of them.

Imprisonment is a feature of martyrdom with which Abolitionists in the United States have become familiar, especially Mr. Garrison, who, at the bidding of slavery, was, in 1829, incarcerated in Baltimore. But these persecutions are to be accepted as jewels in their crown, as seals of their devotion to the cause of millions now in the prison-house of bondage.

For whose speedy emancipation, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM C. NELL.

REV. SAMUEL MAY, JR., *General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.*

[From the *Liberator* of March 26, 1836.]

LINES,

Written on reading "RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON," containing an account of the meeting of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, and of the Mob which followed, on the 21st of October, 1835.

Unshrinking from the storm,
Well have ye borne your part,
With WOMAN'S fragile form,
But more than manhood's heart!
Faithful to Freedom, when
Its name was held accursed —
Faithful, midst ruffian men,
Unto your holy trust.

Oh, steadfast in the Truth,
Not for yourselves alone,
Matron and gentle youth,
Your lofty zeal was shown:
For the bondmen of all climes,
For Freedom's last abode,
For the hope of future times,
For the birthright gift of God!

For scorned and broken laws,
For honor and the right,
For the staked and perill'd cause
Of liberty and light;
For the holy eyes above,
On a world of evil cast,
For the CHILDREN of your love,
For the MOTHERS of the past!

Worthy of THEM are ye —
The Pilgrim wives who dared
The waste and unknown sea,
And the hunter's perils shared.

Worthy of her,* whose mind,
Triumphant over all,
Ruler nor priest could bind,
Nor punishment appal.

Worthy of her,† who died
Martyr to Freedom, where
Your "Common's" verdant pride
Opens to sun and air;
Upheld in that dread hour
By strength which could not fail,
Before whose holy power
Bigots and priests turned pale.

God give ye strength to run,
Unawed by earth or hell,
The race ye have begun
So gloriously and well,
Until the trumpet-call
Of Freedom has gone forth,
With joy and life to all
The bondmen of the earth! —

Until IMMORTAL MIND
Unshackled walks abroad,
And chains no longer bind
The image of our God!
Until no captive one
Murmurs on land or wave,
And in his course the sun
Looks down upon no SLAVE!

* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts Colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrines.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker martyr, who was hanged in Boston, in 1659, for worshipping God according to the dictates of her conscience.

TESTIMONY OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

The following glowing tribute to the American Abolitionists was paid by DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., in a speech delivered by him at an immense meeting held by the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, in Exeter Hall, London, June, 1840:—

"I will now turn to a subject of congratulation: I mean, the Anti-Slavery Societies of America — those noble-hearted men and women, who, through difficulties and dangers, have proved how hearty they are in the cause of Abolition. I hail them all as my friends, and wish them to regard me as a brother. I wish for no higher station in the world; but I do covet the honor of being a brother with these American Abolitionists. In this country, the Abolitionists are in perfect safety: here we have fame and honor; we are lauded and encouraged by the good; we are smiled upon and cheered by the fair: we are bound together by godlike truth and charity; and though we have our differences as to points of faith, we have no differences as to this point, and we proceed in our useful career esteemed and honored. But it is not so with our Anti-Slavery friends in America. There they are vilified, there they are insulted. Why, did not very lately a body of men — of *gentlemen*, so called — of persons who would be angry if you denied them that cognomen, and would even be ready to call you out to share a rifle and a ball — did not such 'gentlemen' break in upon an Anti-Slavery Society in America; ay, upon a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, and assault them in a most cowardly manner? And did they not denounce the members of that Society? And where did this happen? Why, in Boston — in enlightened Boston, the capital of a non-slaveholding State. In this country, the Abolitionists have nothing to complain of; but in America, they are met with the bowie-knife and lynch law! Yes; in America you have had martyrs; your cause has been stained with blood; the voice of your brethren's blood crieth from the ground, and riseth high, not, I trust, for vengeance, but for mercy upon those who have thus treated them. But you ought not to be discouraged, or relax in your efforts. Here you have honor. A human being cannot be placed in a more glorious position than to take up such a cause under such circumstances. I am delighted to be one of a Convention in which are so many of such great and good men. I trust that their reception will be such as that their zeal may be greatly strengthened to continue their noble struggle. I have reason to hope, that, in this assembly, a voice will be raised which will roll back in thunder to America, which will mingle with her mighty waves, and which will cause one universal shout of liberty to be heard throughout the world. O, there is not a delegate from the Anti-Slavery Societies of America, but ought to have his name, ay, *her* name, written in characters of immortality. The Anti-Slavery Societies in America are deeply persecuted, and are deserving of every encouragement which we can possibly give them. I would that I had the eloquence to depict their character aright; but my tongue falters, and my powers fail, while I attempt to describe them. They are the true friends of humanity, and would that I had a tongue to describe aright the mighty majesty of their undertaking! I love and honor America and the Americans. I respect their great principles; their untiring industry; their lofty genius; their social institutions; their morals, such morals as can exist with slavery — God knows they cannot be many — but I respect all

in them or about them that is good. But, at the same time, I denounce and anathematize them as slaveholders, and hold them up to the scorn of all civilized Europe. I would that the government of this country would determine to have no dealings with them, and to tell the United States of America, that they must send no more slaveholding negotiators here ! ”

LETTER OF VICTOR HUGO, OF FRANCE, TO MRS. MARIA W.
CHAPMAN, OF BOSTON.

MADAME :

I have scarcely any thing to add to your letter. I would cheerfully sign every line of it. Pursue your holy work. You have with you all great souls and all good hearts.

You are pleased to believe, and to assure me, that my voice, in this august cause of liberty, will be listened to by the great American people, whom I love so profoundly, and whose destinies, I am fain to think, are closely linked with the mission of France. You desire me to lift up my voice.

I will do it at once, and I will do it on all occasions. I agree with you in thinking, that, within a definite time, — that, within a time not distant, the United States will repudiate slavery with horror ! Slavery in such a country ! Can there be an incongruity more monstrous ? Barbarism installed in the very heart of a country which is itself the affirmation of civilization ; liberty wearing a chain ; blasphemy echoing from the altar ; the collar of the negro chained to the pedestal of Washington ! It is a thing unheard of. I say more, it is impossible. Such a spectacle would destroy itself. The light of the nineteenth century alone is enough to destroy it.

What ! slavery sanctioned by law among that illustrious people who for seventy years have measured the progress of civilization by their march, demonstrating democracy by their power, and liberty by their prosperity ! Slavery in the United States ! It is the duty of this republic to set such a bad example no longer. It is a shame, and she was never born to bow her head.

It is not when slavery is taking leave of the old nations, that it should be received by the new. What ! when slavery is departing from Turkey, shall it rest in America ? What ! drive it from the hearth of Omar, and adopt it at the hearth of Franklin ? No ! No ! No !

There is an inflexible logic which develops more or less slowly, which fashions, which redresses, according to a mysterious plan, perceptible only to great spirits, the men, the laws, the morals, the people ; or, better, under all human things, there are things divine.

Let all those great souls who love the United States ; as a country, be reassured. The United States must renounce slavery, or they must renounce liberty. They cannot renounce liberty. They must renounce slavery, or renounce the Gospel. They will never renounce the Gospel.

Accept, Madame, with my devotion to the cause you advocate, the homage of my respect.

VICTOR HUGO.

6 Juillet, 1851, Paris.



